THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.
NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY OCTOBER 2, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1540. }

MY OWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

In the dim and dusky night,
By the side of a desolate sea,
With eyes upraised to the farthest height,
Beloved, I call to thee.

Sweetest of names I call,
As only thine ears have heard,
And I wonder to see the funeral pall
And winding-sheet unstirred.

By our young souls' marriage-vow—
By the love that our hearts have known:
Come—oh, thou crowned with the angel brow!
My Beautiful! My Own!

All night when the pilot stars
Float over the ether sea,
My soul looks forth from its prison bars,
And calleth aloud for thee.

Calleth with passionate cries,
With wild and despairing moan:—
Come to me—come from the far-off skies,
My Beautiful! My Own!

I languish for thy sweet smile,
I faint by the surging sea;
Oh, joy! oh, bliss! but a little while,
And I shall have gone with thee!

Down from the radiant height,
Out of the realms unknown,
Thou comest clad in a living light,
My Beautiful! My Own!

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

The afternoon of a hot June day was drawing towards evening, and the great world of London—for it was the height of the season—were beginning to think of dinner. In a well-furnished dressing-room, the windows being open for air, and the blinds drawn down to exclude the sun, stood a lady, whose maid was giving the last touch to her rich attire. It was Lady Sarah Hope.

"What bracelets, my lady?" asked the maid, taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket.

"None now: it is so very hot. "Alice," added Lady Sarah, turning to a young lady, [illegible] ready displayed for me when I come up, and I will decide then."

"*I* have them ready, Lady Sarah?" returned Miss Seaton.

"If you will be so kind. Hughes, give the key to Miss Seaton."

Lady Sarah left the room, and the maid, Hughes, began taking one of the small keys off the ring. "I have got leave to go out, miss," she explained, "and am going directly. My mother is not well, and wants to see me. This is the key, miss."

As Miss Seaton took it, Lady Sarah reappeared at the door. "Alice, you may as well bring the jewel-box down to the back drawing-room. I shall not care to come up here after dinner: we shall be late, as it is."

"What's that about a jewel-box?" inquired a pretty looking girl, who had come from another apartment.

"Lady Sarah wishes me to bring her bracelets down to the drawing-room, that she may choose which to put on. It was too hot to dine in them, she said."

"Are you not coming in to dinner to-day, Alice?"

"No. I walked out, and it has tired me, as usual. I have had some tea instead."

"I would not be you for all the world, Alice! To possess so little capability of enjoying life."

"Yet if you were as I am, weak in health and strength, your lot would have been so soothed to you, that you would not repine at or regret it."

"You mean I should be content," laughed the young lady. "Well, there is nothing like contentment, the sages tell us. One of my detestable school-room copies used to be 'Contentment is happiness.'"

"I can hear the dinner being taken in," said Alice: "you will be late in the drawing-room."

As Lady Frances Chenevix turned away to fly down the stairs, her light, rounded form, her elastic step, all telling of health and enjoyment, presented a marked contrast to that of Alice Seaton. Alice's face was indeed strangely beautiful, almost too refined and delicate for the wear and tear of common life, but her figure was weak and stooping, and her gait feeble. Of exceedingly good family, she had been suddenly thrown from her natural position of wealth and comfort to comparative poverty, and had found refuge as "companion" to Lady Sarah Hope.

Colonel Hope was a thin, spare man, with sharp, brown eyes and sharp features; looking so shrunk and short, that he must have been smuggled into the army under height; unless he had since been growing downwards. No stranger could have believed him at ease in his circumstances, any more than they would have believed him a colonel who had seen hard service in India, for his clothes were frequently threadbare. A black ribbon supplied the place of a gold chain, as guard to his watch, and a blue tin-looking thing of a galvanised ring did duty for any other ring on his finger. Yet he was rich; of fabulous riches, people said; but he was of a close disposition, especially as regarded his personal outlay. In his home and to his wife he was liberal. They had been married several years, but had no children, and his large property was not entailed; it was believed that his nephew, Gerard Hope, would inherit it, but some dispute had recently occurred, and Gerard had been turned from the house. Lady Frances Chenevix, the sister of Lady Sarah, but considerably younger, had been paying them an eight months' visit in the country, and had now come up to town with them.

Alice Seaton lay on the sofa for half an hour, and then, taking the bracelet-box in her hands, descended to the drawing-rooms. It was intensely hot, a sultry, breathless heat, and Alice threw open the back window, which in truth made it hotter, for the sun gleamed right athwart the leads which stretched themselves beyond the window, over the outbuildings at the back of the row of houses.

She sat down near this back window, and began to put out some of the bracelets on the table before it. They were rare and rich; of plain gold, of silver, of pearl, of precious stones. One of them was of gold links studded with diamonds; it was very valuable, and had been the present of Colonel Hope to his wife on her recent birthday. Another diamond bracelet was there, but it was not so beautiful or so costly as this. When her task was done, Miss Seaton passed into the front drawing-room, and threw up one of its large windows. Still there was no air in the room.

As she stood at it, a handsome young man, tall and powerful, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, caught her eye. He nodded, hesitated, and then crossed the street as if to enter.

"It is Gerard!" uttered Alice, under her breath. "Can he be coming here?" She walked away from the window hastily, and sat down by the bedecked table in the other room.

"Just as I supposed!" exclaimed Gerard Hope, entering, and advancing to Alice with stealthy steps. "When I saw you at the window, the thought struck me that you were alone here, and they at dinner. Thomas happened to be airing himself at the door, so I crossed, and asked him; and came up. How are you, Alice?"

"Have you come to dinner?" inquired Alice, speaking at random, and angry at her own agitation.

"*I* come to dinner!" repeated Mr. Hope. "Why, you know *they'd as soon sit down with the hangman.*"

"Indeed I know nothing about it. I was in hopes you and the *colonel might* be reconciled. *Why did you come in?* Thomas will tell."

"No he won't. I told him not. Alice, the idea of your never coming up till June! Some whim of Lady Sarah's, I suppose. Two or three times a week for the last month have I been marching past this house, wondering when it was going to show signs of life. Is Frances here still?"

"Oh, yes, she is going to remain some time."

"To make up for—Alice, was it not a shame to turn me out?"

"I was extremely sorry for what happened, Mr. Hope, but I knew nothing of the details. Lady Sarah said you had displeased the colonel, and after that she never mentioned your name."

"What a show of smart things you have got here, Alice! Are you going to set up a bazaar?"

"They are Lady Sarah's bracelets."

"So they are, I see! This is a gem," added Mr. Hope, taking up the fine diamond bracelet already mentioned. "I don't remember this one."

"It is new. The colonel has just given it to her."

"What did it cost?"

Alice Seaton laughed.

"Do you think I am likely to know? I question if Lady Sarah heard, herself."

"It never cost a farthing less than two hundred guineas," mused Mr. Hope, turning the bracelet in various directions that its rich diamonds might give out their gleaming light. "I wish it was mine."

"What should you do with it?" laughed Alice.

"Spout it."

"I do not understand," returned Alice. She really did not.

"I beg your pardon, Alice. I was thinking of the colloquial lingo familiarly applied to such transactions, instead of to whom I was talking. I meant raise money upon it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope!"

"Alice, that's twice you have called me 'Mr. Hope.' I though I was 'Gerard' to you before I went away."

"Time has elapsed since, and you seem like a stranger again," returned Alice, a flush rising to her sensitive face. "But you spoke of raising money; I hope you are not in temporary embarrassment."

"A jolly good thing for me if it turns out only temporary," he rejoined. "Look at my position! Debts hanging over my head—for you may be sure, Alice, all young men, with a limited allowance and large expectations, contract them—and thrust out of my uncle's home with the loose cash I had in my pockets, and my clothes sent after me."

"Has the colonel stopped your allowance?"

Mr. Hope laid down the bracelet from whence he had taken it, before he replied.

"He stopped it then; and I have not had a shilling since, except from my own resources. I first went upon tick; then I disposed of my watch and chain, and all my other little matters of value; and now I am upon tick again."

"Upon what?" uttered Alice.

"You don't understand these free terms, Alice," he said, looking fondly at her, "and I hope you may never have occasion. Frances would; she has lived in their atmosphere."

"Yes, I know what an embarrassed man the earl is, if you allude to that. But I am grieved to hear about yourself. Is the colonel implacable? What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"You know I was to be his heir. Even if children had come to him, he had undertaken amply to provide for me. Last Christmas he suddenly sent for me, and told me it was his pleasure and Lady Sarah's that I should take up my abode with them. So I did, glad to get into such good quarters, and stopped there, like an innocent, unsuspicious lamb, till—when was it, Alice?—April. Then the plot came out. They had fixed upon a wife for me, and I was to hold myself in readiness to marry her at any given moment."

"Who was it?" inquired Alice, in a low tone, as she bent her head over the bracelets.

"Never mind," laughed Mr. Hope; "it wasn't you. I said I would not have her, and they both, he and Lady Sarah, pulled me and my want of taste to pieces, and assured me I was a monster of ingratitude. It provoked me into confessing that I liked somebody else better, and the colonel turned me out."

Alice looked her sorrow, but she did not express it.

"And since then I have been having a fight with my creditors, putting them off with fair words and promises. But they have grown incredulous, and it has come to dodging. In favor with my uncle, and his acknowledged heir, they would have given me unlimited time and credit, but the breach is known, and it makes all the difference. With the value of that at my disposal"—nodding at the bracelet—"I should stop some pressing personal trifles and go on again for a while. So you see, Alice, a diamond bracelet may be of use even to a gentleman, should some genial fortune drop such into his hands."

"I sympathise with you very much," said Alice, "and I wish I had it in my power to aid you."

"Thank you for your kind wishes; I know they are genuine. When my uncle sees the name of Gerard Hope figuring in the insolvent list, or among the outlaws, he——Hark! can they be coming up from dinner?"

"[illegible] yes," said Alice, starting up al[illegible]

"But they will not sit long to-day, because they are going to the opera. Gerard, they must not find you here."

"And get you turned out as well as myself! No, not if I can help it. Alice!"—suddenly laying his hands upon her shoulders, and gazing down into her eyes, "do you know who it was I had learnt to love, instead of—of the other?"

She gasped for breath, and her color went and came.

"No—no; do not tell me, Gerard."

"Why no, I had better not, under present circumstances, but when the good time comes—for all their high-roped indignation must and will blow over—*then I will;* and here's the pledge of it." He bent his head, took one long earnest kiss from her lips, and was gone.

Agitated almost to sickness, trembling and confused, Alice stole to look after him, terrified lest he might not escape unseen. She crept partly down stairs, so as to obtain sight of the hall-door, and make sure that he got out in safety. As he drew it open, there stood a lady just about to knock. She said something to him, and he waved his hand toward the staircase. Alice saw that the visitor was her sister, a lady well married and moving in the fashionable world. She met her, and took her into the front drawing-room.

"I cannot stay to sit down, Alice; I must make haste back to dress, for I am engaged to three or four places to-night. Neither do I wish to horrify Lady Sarah with a visit at this untoward hour. I had a request to make to you, and thought to catch you before you went in to dinner."

"They are alone, and are dining earlier than usual. I was too tired to appear. What can I do for you?"

"In one word—I am in pressing need for a little money. Can you lend it me?"

"I wish I could," returned Alice; "I am so very sorry. I sent all I had to poor mamma the day before we came to town. It was only twenty-five pounds."

"That would have been of no use to me: I want more. I thought if you had been misering up your salary, you might have had a hundred pounds or so by you."

Alice shook her head.

"I should be a long while saving up a hundred pounds, even if dear mamma had no wants. But I send to her what I can spare. Do not be in such a hurry," continued Alice, as her sister was moving to the door. "At least wait one minute while I fetch you a letter I received from mamma this morning, in answer to mine. You will like to read it, for it is full of news about the old place. You can take it home with you."

Alice left her sister standing in the room, and went up-stairs. But she was more than one minute away, she was three or four, for she could not at first lay her hand upon the letter. When she returned, her sister advanced to her from the back drawing-room, the folding-doors between the two rooms being, as before, wide open.

"What a fine collection of bracelets, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she took the letter. "Are they spread out for show?"

"No," laughed Alice; "Lady Sarah is going to the opera, and will be in a hurry when she comes up from dinner. She asked me to bring them all down, as she had not decided which to wear."

"I like to dress before dinner on my opera nights."

"Oh, so of course does Lady Sarah," returned Alice, as her sister descended the stairs, "but she said it was too hot to dine in bracelets."

"It is fearfully hot. Good-by, Alice. Don't ring; I will let myself out."

Alice returned to the front room and looked from the window, wondering whether her sister had come in her carriage. No. A trifling evening breeze was arising and beginning to move the curtains about. Gentle as it was, it was grateful, and Alice sat down in it. In a very few minutes the ladies came up from dinner.

"Have you the bracelets, Alice? Oh, I see."

Lady Sarah went to the back room as she spoke, and stood before the table, looking at the bracelets. Alice rose to follow her, when Lady Frances Chenevix caught her by the arm, and began to speak in a covert whisper.

"Who was that at the door just now? It was a visitor's knock. Do you know, Alice, every hour, since we came to town, I have fancied Gerard might be calling. In the country he could not get to us, but here——Was it Gerard?"

"It—it was my sister," carelessly answered Alice. It was not a true answer, for her sister had not knocked, and she did not know who had. But it was the readiest that rose to her lips, and she wished to escape the questioning.

"Only your sister," sighed Frances, turning to the window with a gesture of disappointment.

"Which have you put on?" inquired Alice, going towards Lady Sarah.

"These loose fancy things; they are the coolest. I really am so hot: the soup was that favorite soup of the colonel's, all capsicums and cayenne, and the wine was hot; there had been a mistake about the ice. Hill trusted to the new man, and he did not understand it; it was all hot together. What the house will be to-night, I dread to think of."

Lady Sarah, whilst she spoke, had been putting the bracelets into the jewel box, with very little care.

"I had better put them straight," remarked Alice, when she *reached the table.*

"Do not trouble," returned Lady Sarah, shutting down the lid. "You [illegible] *hushed and feverish, Alice;* you were wrong to walk so far to day: Hughes will set them to rights to-morrow morning; they will do till then. Lock them up, and take possession of the key."

Alice did as she was bid. She locked the case and put the key in her pocket. "Here is the carriage," exclaimed Lady Frances. "Are we to wait for coffee?"

"Coffee in this heat!" retorted Lady Sarah, "it would be adding fuel to fire. We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather just what it ought to be; rather cold, if anything."

Alice had taken the bracelet-box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it up stairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bedroom. The colonel speedily rose from table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone she went up-stairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not, in her conscious heart, affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that *she* had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words, "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. There was Gerard Hope, heir to the fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chenevix. And yet, the well-laid project failed: failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet, feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness may have seemed to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts, and it was the feeble girl who won the love of the strong man.

Yes; the knowledge diffused a strange rapture within her, as she lay there that night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave range to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only: too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her, that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she, with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry, as did other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—that one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tenure of existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at nought; and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," she sighed, "another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, shrinking from self-examination; but now, that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely, that I might have told him it was useless."

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep: the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising, she was still sleeping. The opening of her door, by some one, awoke her: it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up! Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel-box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet-box, if you please."

"The key!" repeated Alice. "Oh, I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket; it is on that chair, under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket, and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning," asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel-case was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had been so much glass and tinsel from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was Lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer that you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequentially. "I could go to that, or to the other jewel-box, in the dark, and take out any one thing my lady wanted, without disturbing the rest."

"I have observed that you have the gift of order," remarked Alice, with a smile. "It is very useful to those who possess it, and saves *them from trouble and confusion.*"

"So it do, miss," said Hughes. "But I [illegible] for the diamond bracelet."

"The diamond bracelet!" echoed Alice. "What diamond bracelet? What do you mean?"

"It's not in the box, miss."

"The diamond bracelets are both in the box," rejoined Alice.

"The old one is there; not the new one. I thought you might have taken it out to show some one, or to look at, yourself, miss, for I'm sure it's a sight for pleasant eyes."

"I can assure you that it is in the case," said Alice. "All are there, except what Lady Sarah had on. You must have overlooked it."

"I must be a great donkey if I have," grumbled the girl. "It must be at the very bottom, amongst the cotton," she soliloquised, as she returned to Lady Sarah's apartments, "and I have just got to take every individual article out, to get to it. This comes of giving up one's keys to other folks."

Alice hastened down, begging pardon for her late appearance. It was readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was nearly a sinecure: when she had first entered upon it, Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called from the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelet is not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it's *not,*" persisted Hughes, emphasising the negative; can't you believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled, dreamy look. She was thinking matters over. It soon cleared again.

"Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No, miss, that she didn't. She wore only those two—"

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other, without my noticing. Then she must have kept it out for some other purpose. I will ask her, wait here an instant, Hughes; for of course you will like to be at a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast-room, and the colonel came out of it with the newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else would like to be at a certainty, instead of me. Thank goodness it wasn't in my charge, last night, if anything dreadful has come to pass. My lady don't keep out her bracelets for sport. Miss Seaton has left the key about, that's what she has done, and it's hard to say who hasn't been at it: I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"After you had chosen the bracelets you wished to wear, you put the others into the box yourself," explained Alice. "Did you put in the new one, the diamond, or keep it out?"

"The diamond was not there."

Alice stood confounded. "It was on the table at the back of all, Lady Sarah," she presently said. "Next the window."

"I tell you, Alice, it was not there. I don't know that I should have worn it, if it had been, but I certainly looked for it. Not seeing it, I supposed you had not put it out, and did not care sufficiently to ask for it."

Alice felt in a mesh of perplexity; curious thoughts, and very unpleasing ones, were beginning to come over her. "But, Lady Sarah, the bracelet was indeed there when you went to the table," she urged. "I put it there."

"I can assure you that you labor under a mistake, as to its being there when I came up from dinner," answered Lady Sarah. "Why do you ask?"

"Hughes has come to say it is not in the case. She is outside, waiting."

"Outside, now? Hughes," called out her ladyship: and Hughes came in.

"What's this about my bracelet?"

"*I* don't know, my lady. The bracelet is not in its place, so I asked Miss Seaton. She thought your ladyship might have kept it out yesterday evening."

"I neither touched it nor saw it," said Lady Sarah.

"Then we have had thieves at work," decided Hughes.

"It must be in the box, Hughes," spoke up Alice. "I laid it out on the table, and it is impossible that thieves—as you phrase it—could have come there."

"Oh yes, it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship, somewhat crossly, for she disliked to be troubled, especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly, Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the Morning Post, and advanced. "Is the bracelet really lost?"

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and—"

"Yes it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"*And was consequently the first that I took* out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others round it, nearer to me. Why, as a proof [illegible]

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered, and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give a shape, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair, trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Do not allow yourself to be agitated, Alice," cried Lady Sarah; "that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case: where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast on her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly not there," returned Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you'll look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel-box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

"This is very strange, Hughes," uttered Lady Sarah.

"It's very ugly as well, my lady," answered Hughes, in a lofty tone, "and I'm thankful to the presiding genuses which rules such things, that I was not in charge when it happened. Though maybe, if I had been, it never would have took place, for I can give a guess how it was."

"Then you had better," said her ladyship, curtly.

"If I do," returned Hughes. "I shall offend Miss Seaton."

"No you will not, Hughes," cried Alice. "Say what you please: I have need to wish this cleared up."

"Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts, I think you must have left the key about. And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen-maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under butler."

"Hughes," you are wrong," interrupted Alice. "The servants could not have touched the box, for the key never was out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards, until you took it from thence this morning."

"The key seems to have had nothing to do with it," interposed Frances Chenevix. "Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table, after dinner, it was not there: so it must have been in the intervening period that the—the—disappearance took place."

"And only a few minutes to do it in!" ejaculated Lady Sarah. "What a mystery!"

"It beats conjuring, my lady," said Hughes. "Could any visitor have come up-stairs?"

"I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner," said Lady Sarah. "Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up, as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

At that moment, Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him. Who knocked? His answer was ready.

"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologise for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual, because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"

"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; "but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. "Thomas's memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair, and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her: that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would, she could not put it from her: she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great: nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet, that he might make money—

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sickly countenance, and bade the intruder enter. It was Lady Francis Chenevix.

"I came to——Alice, how wretched you look! You will torment yourself into a fever."

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances: it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I—I—had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to try to cheer me," sighed Alice.

"Just the thing I came to do. And to have a bit of chat with you as well. If you will let me."

"Of course I will let you."

"I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not."

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her, one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be the—

"Lady Frances Chenevix!" burst forth Alice, "you cannot think it! She! my sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?"

"Alice, I forgive your so misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course your sister cannot be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been here, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant an affair, and I hastened up to say there was no danger from me that it would be."

"Believe me, she is not the guilty party," returned Alice, "and I have more cause to say so than you think for."

"What do you mean by that?" briskly cried Lady Frances. "You surely have no clue?"

Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again.

"It is well that Thomas was forgetful," remarked Lady Frances. "Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?"

"Thomas only spoke truth. At least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy; and you and I can keep our own counsel."

Quite easy, possibly, to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but anything but easy to Alice; for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive, and terrifying even, than the one which cast the guilt to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money, "a hundred pounds, or so," and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—*she* take a bracelet! It was preposterous.

Preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason, and common sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances.

"I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if—she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing-rooms all the time, and no one came in to them, suspicious or unsuspicious; so how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for the suspense, illness, and agitation, had taken every vestige of color from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting, "you look just like a walking ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one, and scare the people. A great misfortune has fallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night, spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value; gold links, holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the elder sister, in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge. "How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the staircase, and when I went up-stairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left, Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one else entered the room at all, you say? No servant? no—"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground, or been mislaid in some way."

"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing, amidst the rest, a bracelet set with diamonds, but only on the clasp, I think. It—"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things, to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed; it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands, and lifting her white beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In—in sport; or in—Oh, surely you were not tempted to take it for anything else? You said you had need of money."

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."

"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of, to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honorable home? You ought to know me, if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not. If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No, thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm, but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her, inexpressibly relieved; but the conviction, that it must have been Gerard, returned to her in full force. "I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favored her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along, he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness, she clasped his arm with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most want to see a doctor, Alice. How ill you look!"

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond, that you were admiring last evening, it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.

"I don't know," she faintly said. "It was under my charge. No one else was there."

"You do not wish me to understand that *you* are suspected?" he burst forth, with genuine feeling. "Their unjust meanness cannot have gone to that length!"

"I trust not, but I am very unhappy. Who could have done it? How could it have gone? I left the room when you did, but I only lingered outside on the stairs, watching—if I may tell the truth—whether you got out safely, and then I returned to it. Yet when Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was gone."

"And did no one else go into the room?" he repeated. "I met a lady at the door, who asked for you; I sent her up-stairs."

"She went in for a minute. It was my sister, Gerard."

"Oh, indeed, was that your sister? Then she counts as we do, for nobody, in this. It is strange. The bracelet was in the room when I left it—"

"You are sure of it?" interrupted Alice, drawing a long breath of suspense.

"I am. When I reached the door, I turned round to take a last look at you, and the diamonds of that particular bracelet gleamed at me from its place on the table."

"Oh, Gerard! is this the truth?"

"It is the truth, on my sacred word of honor," he replied, looking at her agitated face and wondering at her words. "Why else should I say it? Good-bye, Alice, I can't stay another moment, for there's somebody coming I don't want to meet."

He was off like a shot, but his words and manner, like her sister's, had conveyed their conviction of innocence to the mind of Alice. She stood still, looking after him in her dreamy wonderment, and was jostled by the passers-by. *Which* of the two was the real delinquent? one of them it must have been.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The man who can be kept awake six nights in a week with the toothache, and be "routed" by a squalling baby just after he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night, without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented—is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all the Spartans put together.

☞ TO ASCERTAIN THE NUMBER OF YOUR ENEMIES.—Publish a book.—*Punch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15.00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The correspondent who "has seen some very sweet poetry by Florence Percy," and asks us sundry questions about her, is informed that she knows nearly as much of that lady's personal history as we do. We would suggest to her, however, that poets often use the first person singular, when relating very different experiences from their own.

Respectfully declined:—"The Echo of the Dead."

AN ENLIGHTENED ERA.

It is the general belief that the present is a very "enlightened era." "Superstitions" of all kinds are supposed to be pretty thoroughly exploded. Had it not been for the Spiritualists, by this time doubtless we might have ceased to believe in ghosts, and in similar supernatural visitations. With the amount of crime that daily manifests itself around us, it would be difficult entirely to avoid believing in a Devil—but the "progressive minds" are understood to go as far as possible in that direction. And *yet* witches, wizards, and other foretellers of future events, are by no means extinct in the land. If the Mosaic Law, which said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," were carried into execution in this city, for instance,—there would be a tumbling off of heads (in case Dr. Guillotin's expert machine were resorted to) which however valuable they may appear to their owners, in the excess of their vanity, are of very questionable benefit to society.

Lest our country readers should be unaware of the extent to which this system of foretelling the future is carried—and the amount of enlightenment which it necessarily indicates—we may say that we have cut the advertisements of six of these so-called astrologists, *out of one daily paper of this city.* No doubt these gentry might be numbered by the score were it worth one's time and patience to investigate the matter thoroughly. Let us glance at these advertisements, designed to catch the simple and the credulous. First comes "Madame Adolph," as she calls herself. Madame asks:—

> Who tells the truest? Who cures Drunkenness best? Who causes the speediest Marriages, or best settles all business affairs in life? Who excels all Astrologists? The throughout the world acknowledged most wonderful lady MADAME ADOLPH.

Have our readers ever heard before of this "most wonderful lady," so "acknowledged throughout the world?" Probably just as frequently as they have heard of

> MADAME ALBERTINE, the *world-renowned* ASTROLOGIST, who having taken the residence recently occupied by Miss Wellington, is now ready to receive visitors, to whom she will give true information concerning Wealth, Health, Absent Friends, Love, Marriage, Sickness, Death, bringing together those separated, Curing Drunkenness, &c.

Mrs. Vanhorn, however, takes a rather bolder flight. She says that

> MRS. VANHORN is the best; she succeeds when all others fail. It is this fact which induces others to try to imitate her; she shows you the likeness of your future wife, husband or absent friend. It is well known that she is the only person who can show their likenesses in reality. Ladies can take the likeness with them, by paying extra charge.

That closing touch, "Ladies (why not gentlemen, alas?) can take the likenesses with them, by paying extra charge," gives an aspect of reality to the whole affair which is really delightful. We wonder where Mrs. Vanhorn buys her pictures, or is she herself the artist, and sketches them on the spot? And then how modest she is, too, in claiming to be the *only* person who can show "their likenesses in reality." It is curious that she, rather than Madame Albertine, is not acknowledged "throughout the world" as "the most wonderful lady." Mrs. Vanhorn heads one of her advertisements, "Caution! Look out!" which is certainly very good advice to all those who venture into her neighborhood.

But where are the Egyptians—Gypsies, as we say for shortness? Ah, here they are. Here is

> MISS M. EUJAN, the Celebrated Original Roving Gipsy, who can be consulted at any time during the day, from sunrise until sundown, on all events through life. She will make a permanent cure of drunkenness. If you have been swindled by others, visit MISS E. and you will be surprised. Her agent will forfeit $500 for her equal.

"Miss Eujan"—query, *you Jane?*—the "*Celebrated* ORIGINAL ROVING GIPSY!" There is a title and qualifications for you. How can a common American or Irish woman, who lives probably all the time in one place, compare with this "Celebrated *Roving* Gipsy," or Egyptian! And then she is the "*Original*" one too—doubtless there are hundreds claiming to be "roving Gipsies," but this is the "original" rover, the "Wandering Jew" of her tribe. As to her age, we take it to be next to fabulous—and our only wonder is that she should still remain a "miss," with all her celebrated, original, and roving Egyptian qualities! Her frankness, too, is remarkable—"If you have been swindled by others"—as if the "profession" were apt to swindle people—visit Miss E., and you will be *surprised.* Very probable, that. "Visit Miss E. and you will be surprised."

Madame Von Selmar—probably a misprint for Von Selman, or Von Sel-em—the next in order, while she does not claim to be a Gipsy herself, still claims that she is

> In possession of the oldest Egyptian Mysteries, and gives true information of all affairs through life on the past, present and future events, and interprets dreams. Our life is marked with peculiar circumstances, which Mad. VAN SELMAR truly explains.

"Our life is marked with peculiar circumstances!" That is an observation, we have no fear in saying, which contains a great deal of truth. We think, however, we have heard it several times before, in the course of a not very protracted existence; and therefore we are glad that Madame Van Sel-em does not claim, like Miss Eujan, to be an "original" character, else we should feel it our duty to expose her borrowed plumage.

All of the above, we regret to say, have a touch of the old times upon them, and therefore are clearly unsuited for this "progressive" age. But the one advertisement we have left, is fully "up to the times." We cannot refrain from quoting it at length—its merit being such that undoubtedly neither the masculine nor the feminine mind, of itself, could have concocted it:—

> PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY—ASTRO-PHRENOLOGY.—Public attention is urgently solicited to these Sciences, as practised on *Moral and Christian Principles*, by Dr. L. D., and MRS. S. D. BROUGHTON, who, by minute investigation and large practice for the last ten years, are enabled to introduce before the public the art of delineating HUMAN CHARACTER, by the position of the HEAVENLY BODIES, in a more scientific form than has ever yet appeared.
>
> "I tell thee,
> There's not a pulse beats in the human frame
> That is not governed by the stars above us.
> The blood that fills our veins, in all its ebb
> And flow, is swayed by them, as certainly
> As are the restless tides of the salt sea
> By the resplendent moon; and at thy birth
> Thy mother's eye gazed not more steadfastly
> On thee, than did *the star that rules thy fate*,
> Showering upon thy head an influence
> Malignant or benign."
>
> When practised by *honest* and *intelligent* persons, this method of defining human character will be found vastly superior to every other mode, and entirely divested of all the *cant* and *sophistry* with which this useful and Heavenly science has been hitherto encumbered by its Professors. Dr. L. D. and MRS. S. D. BROUGHTON, Professors and Teachers of Prognostic Astronomy and Astro-Phrenology, have great pleasure in announcing to the admirers of these sciences, that they may be visited at their residence, where they will be happy to give attention and such advice as their *long experience in accordance with the Holy Scriptures*, may render necessary.
>
> Persons wishing to test the truthfulness of these Sciences, heads of families requiring a profession, trade or calling for their children, and all those who make the nature of things and *moral duty* their study, will derive much benefit by consulting Dr. L. D. or Mrs. S. D. Broughton, who will practically illustrate the ELECTRIC PHENOMENA of the PLANETARY ORBS as displayed on the CHARACTER OF MAN, in his moral, mental and physical capacities, specially pointing out the nature and qualities of the mind; the constitution of the body, as regards health and disease; the mental and corporeal affections, and their *influence on individual prosperity, marriage, profession and trade, mercantile speculation, and the probability of rising to eminence and renown in any particular pursuit*—In short, ample particulars of personal talent and power necessary to be known, can be faithfully illustrated by those *incomparable* Sciences, the knowledge being deduced purely from the position of the Heavenly bodies, (at the time of birth,) which, according to the Sacred Writings, were placed in the Testament (*firmament?*) by the Great Omnipotent, for signs, for seasons, for days and years, to shine upon earth, to rule the day and the night, which fought in their courses against Sisera, and which conducted the Wise Men of the East to the birth-place of our Saviour.
>
> Terms—Ladies, from 25 to 50 cents; Gentlemen, from 50 cts. to $1. Nativities written in full, from $5 upwards.

There you have it—the last effort of the combined modern male and female genius, as brought to bear upon Astrology, Prognostic Astronomy, and Astro-Phrenology—combining, as we infer, all the rays of light that stream from the "planetary orbs," the "star that rules thy fate," "Electric Phenomena," the Atlantic Cable, Phrenology, and all the isms, schisms, and schisms of the world—"practised on moral and Christian principles," and in accordance "with their long experience in the Holy Scriptures," "*entirely divested* of all the *Cant* and *Sophistry* with which this useful and Heavenly science has been hitherto encumbered." Will not all the other professors whose cards we have referred to, be forced to "pale their ineffectual fires before Dr. and Mrs. Broughton? What are the "Egyptian Mysteries" to this "incomparable" combination of the oldest of the old with the newest of the new? What is even the "Celebrated Original Roving Gipsy" to those Yankee Egyptians, who have elevated Astrology from among the "black arts" almost to a "moral duty," and practise it on "Moral and Christian principles?" It is evident that a new era is dawning upon us—nurses, instead of weighing the newly-born, or carrying it at once up into the garret, in order that it may be saved the inevitable misfortunes that would occur if it happened to be carried down stairs first, will begin peeping out of the windows to see what planet is at the eventful moment most in the ascendant. Everybody, like Napoleon, will have his star—while the policemen will have two. Horoscopes, calculated on scientific and "religious" principles, will become as common as baby-jumpers once were; and no one will know what he is, or what he is fit for, until he has consulted some disciple of Dr. and Mrs. Broughton. We think we see all this, as we peruse that eloquent advertisement, so free from "cant and sophistry." We either see this, or we see a crowd of laughing faces, who evidently hold in equally high respect all of the worthies whose cards we have inserted gratis, and wonder how it is possible that there can be so many fools in Philadelphia as the abundance of such advertisements would seem to imply.

OUR MARKETS.

While considering the removal of the Market Houses that deface Market street, our citizens should not overlook the fact, that good and cheap marketing is not only a recommendation of a city as a place to live in, but is also an important element in the success of manufactures. All other things being equal, those can work at the cheapest rate who can buy their marketing cheapest.

Of late years, we think, the markets of this city have been rather deteriorating. The tendency has been to displace the farmers who sell the produce they themselves have raised, by a set of middle-men. In New York, we believe, the middle men will hardly allow a farmer to sell his produce at all—but will torment him in various ways until he yields the market to them. Now every man who comes between the producer and the consumer must have his profit—and so far as these middle-men are useless, they are far worse than useless, saddling the industry of the city with burdens without giving any equivalent.

We trust therefore that means will be taken to induce the presence of the farmers themselves in our markets. They should not only be allowed to come, but their visits should be warmly encouraged. Good locations should be provided for them, and they should always have the preference in choosing a stand over the mere huckster. Market wagons backed up along our curbstones, may not be a very pretty sight, but, when the wagons belong to genuine farmers, they are a sign of good wholesome provisions, at reasonable prices. If the prices of marketing in this city can be kept twenty per cent. below those of New York, it will have no slight bearing upon our ability both to manufacture and to sell cheaper than the merchants and manufacturers of that city. The wages of laborers and of artisans, the salaries of clerks, &c., all are affected by the prices of marketing. The middle-men therefore should be dispensed with as much as possible, and set to work at something where their labor will benefit instead of burdening their fellow citizens—and every inducement be held out to the farmers and other producers to sell their produce directly to the consumers. If the removal of the market houses in Market street, and then leaving "things to regulate themselves," as the Committee of Councils seem to propose, should result in injuring our markets, we had better remain content with the "unsightly incumbrances" a while longer.

ALLOPATHY AND HOMŒOPATHY.—The Homœopathic physicians are congratulating themselves just now on some statistics which appear in a work on the "Fallacies of Homœopathy," published by Dr. Routh, an opponent of their system. Dr. Routh collects the statistics of hospitals in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Vienna, Leipsic, Linz, and other places, giving the following as the general result:—

	Admitted.	Died.	Mortality. per cent.
Allop. hospitals—Grand total,	119,630	11,791	10.5
Hom. hospitals—Grand total,	32,655	1,365	4.4

Dr. Routh, however, charges unfairness upon the Homœopathists; asserting that they select their cases, and are guilty of false diagnosis. The consequence is, a very pretty quarrel all around; Dr. Sharp, a recent convert, leading off against the Allopathists. Our advice to our readers is, to study the means of *preventing* disease as much as possible—remembering the case of the woman in the Scriptures, "who had *suffered* many things from many physicians, and grew no better, but rather grew worse." If a doctor *must* be sent for, however, it may be said in favor of the Homœopathists, that they give the least medicine and the best tasted—and, on the side of the Allopathists, that if we die under their hands, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we perish after the manner of our fathers; which last, to persons who have the organ of veneration largely developed, is a matter of no small consequence.

"SAWDUST LITERATURE."—Such is the new and appropriate name given to a certain description of tales, sentimental essays, &c., much in demand in these days for the consumption of a not very intelligent class of readers. It is a decided improvement upon the blood and thunder "yellow-covered" literature, being generally unexceptionable in its tone—if anything so weak and wishy-washy can be said to have a tone—and if it does no good, will, like sawdust puddings, do very little harm. It may for that matter really do a little good in its day, as those who read constantly, even if it be only sawdust, will probably feel a longing, before many years, for something a little more invigorating and nutritious. As "blood and thunder" has partially given place to "sawdust," so "sawdust," in its turn, may give place to something better.

THE CABLE.—The recent announcement sent through the country that the cable was again in working order, turned out to be a slight mistake—the telegraph continuing as mum as ever. As to the cause of the difficulty, there seems to be no certainty, nothing but guesses, which experiment must verify or reject. A hair-breadth's abrasion of the gutta-percha envelope, it is said, would be sufficient to prevent the transmission of the electric current. We give in our news department the last advices upon the subject.

CURES OF DRUNKENNESS.—Advertisements of a harmless powder that will cure drunkenness, by causing an aversion to spirituous liquors, are quite common of late. In the astrological advertisements we quote this week, the reader will notice that several of the astrologists promise to cure intemperance. Can any of our scientific readers inform us what the powder referred to is, and what its effects are? Of course, we take it for granted that it is no new discovery.

"TAKE IT HOME."—A contemporary, published in New York, advertises extensively in the papers, for somebody to "take it home." Will not some good Samaritan comply with the request of this "lost child." Any journal which terms the veriest stock-gambler in all New York, a "great and good man," ought not only to be taken home, but kept home ever afterwards. Such stuff may do for Gotham, but ought to be tabooed everywhere else.

THE OPERA.

We have the satisfaction of announcing to our numerous readers, that the famous opera *troupe* enlisted by the Ravel brothers, have opened their wonderful performances at the Academy of Music in this city. These performances, it must be admitted, are not altogether in the usual opera style, but the great mass of the public, ourselves included, much prefer them—if the truth were told—to those that we have had in the same building heretofore. The *overtures* and the *undertures* of this company, especially, are something surprising. Their "sudden movements," their "shakes," and their "sharp passages," are almost equally remarkable. Then as for *aplomb*, they have "an amount of it," as the *New York Times* says, rarely witnessed. Moreover, they "rise and fall in their scales," as the *Courier* says, "with a rapidity that is marvellous." Their favorite pieces are, however, it must be admitted, rather more a risible than a "tearful inspiration," as the *Tribune* has it—but then laughter is just as good in its place as shedding tears. Yrca Mathias is the prima donna of the *troupe*, but a new performer, named Marietta Zanfretta, seems to give great satisfaction, which is probably owing to "the physiological exactness of her organs of *locomotion*, and her temperament."

PLEASANT SOLDIERING.—Owing to the low rate of wages in India, and the indolence which the enervating climate induces, even the common soldiers of the British army have their servants. The correspondent of the *London Times*, says that "every European private has his cook, and every man in the cavalry a servant to clean and feed his horse. And this is only a small feature and faint illustration of the system which prevails. After an army has been a short time in the field in India, the camp followers to each fighting man are about six or seven to one. In our march to Lucknow we had 70,000 camp followers."

Quite an aristocratic army this. We suppose that it is thought by the officers good policy to allow such a system of things, in order that the health and strength of their men may be preserved for the more serious and important business of fighting.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES.—Mr. James passed through this city last week on his way to New York, from which port he designs taking passage for Europe, having received orders to proceed at once to Venice, to assume his new duties as Consul General of the Adriatic. Mr. James was in fine health and spirits. He informs us that the work upon which he is now engaged for THE POST is about two-thirds finished, and will be ready, nothing of a serious nature occurring to prevent, in ample season for the opening of the new year.

☞ The Choctaw cotton factory in Mississippi, is paying to its stockholders a dividend of 29 per cent.

Such a dividend in times like these, is calculated to confirm the belief of many intelligent men, that the manufacture of cotton goods, especially of the coarser kinds, will ultimately be almost monopolized by the Southern States.

HEALTH OF NATCHEZ.—A correspondent at Natchez, Miss., says:—"Our city is at present remarkably healthy, and has been the whole year past, but the country has not been so healthy."

☞ We see that one of our hat manufacturers announces a new style, the "Cable Hat." We suppose the idea was suggested to him by the cable's having such a very long nap.

New Publications.

THE PASTOR'S GIFT; OR, THE CONVERT'S MANUAL, by REV. A. JOY, A. M., (Wentworth, Hewes & Co., Boston,) is, in a word, a manual of Christian Practice, designed to point out and enforce the specific duties of a Christian's life. It is highly commended by a number of clergymen, and several prominent religious papers of various denominations, all of whom concur in considering it an excellent work, free from sectarian bias, thoroughly scriptural in its inculcations, and one which should be in the hands of every professor of Christianity, as well as circulated by ministers generally among their congregations. The Importance of Practical Knowledge to the Christian, the Duty of Highly Esteeming the Christian Profession, the Nature and Objects of the Church and of Church Membership, the Function and Need of Prayer, the Obligations of the Private Personal Virtues, the Duties owed to Church Members, the Importance of Church Discipline, and the Nature and Extent of our Individual Responsibility, are some of the subjects which meet with treatment. A cursory glance at the volume will better inform our readers of its character and claims than any notice however extended, and we advise such among them as may need the light and assistance it can afford, to give it an examination.

THE LAYING OF THE TELEGRAPH CABLE, WITH ALL ITS INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES, IMPRESSIVE AND DIVERTING, by JOHN MULLALY, OFFICIAL HISTORIAN OF THE EXPEDITIONS, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is part of the descriptive title of the *authorized* account of the great enterprise. It tells the whole story, and tells it well, being at once highly interesting and amusing. Portraits, views, maps, drawings of machinery, plentifully bound up in the work, vivify and realize the narrative to the reader's satisfaction.

ELECTRON, by WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is, the author says, a telegraphic epic for the times. The facts it embodies regarding the birth and progress of electricity, are, we must think, more valuable than the poetry.

THE WORLD'S BATTLE, by JAMES MOORE, M. D., is a little work written in the cause of morality and religion, showing a wide acquaintance with the classical and poetical writers, many quotations from whom ornament its pages. The author hopes to do good, and we hope he may.

A HAND BOOK OF FRUIT CULTURE, by THOMAS GREGG. Fowler & Wells, New York.

Sermons to the Churches, by Francis Wayland, D. D., (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York,) are designed to promote conversions, by urging upon individual Christians the duty of personal effort in effecting them. The ability of the appeal is guaranteed by the name of the author.

Lectures to Children, by Rev. John Todd, (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia,) are on Scriptural themes, and the work of a writer already favorably known through his former books for children.

Spurgeon's Gems, (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York,) are passages from the discourses of the celebrated English exhorter, showing the characteristics of his style.

The Betrothed, by Sir Walter Scott, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) is uniform with the household edition of the Waverly Novels, the most beautiful edition in every respect, ever published in America.

Rational Cosmology, by Laurens Hickok, D. D., (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is an attempt to fix the eternal principles and necessary laws of the Universe as a basis for the study of things.

THE AUTUMN IN MINNESOTA.

St. Cloud, Minnesota, Sept. 1, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post:—

The first day of Autumn comes in weeping. Gently and softly the rain comes pattering down, sprinkling the dusty thoroughfare, dancing on the roof, and making melody on all things around, sweet as the music of dreams. Coursing down the window pane the rain drops come like so many great tears, almost making one sad that Summer is ended. But then a more genial season greets us,—the Autumn of Minnesota,—

"When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf."

Autumn here is supremely the glory of the year, Indian Summer a pleasing reality little known elsewhere. October's sunshine tinging many a leaf, is wrought out to perfection.

Let those who appreciate the season of the "sere and yellow leaf," visit Minnesota in the months of September and October, and my word for it, they will imagine they have wandered into some southern clime, fair and sunny, surrounded by a landscape beautiful as some fabled fairy-land. The fact is only becoming known that central and northern Minnesota, is not a region of snow and sterility, but a delightful country, second to no other part of our national dominion, agriculturally or otherwise.

Seekers after new homes are finding it out, and daily the pioneer, with covered wagon containing his all, may be seen passing along, or inquiring for a claim, where he may enjoy a squatter's sacred right, and become a sovereign of the wide West. One hundred and forty miles of as fine country as the sun ever shone on, lies between this and the Red River of the North, inviting the settler to come, without money and price, until it comes into market, and then it will be the trifling cost of one dollar and a quarter per acre. A military post is now being established at Graham's Point, on the head waters of the Red River, to be called Fort Abercrombie, after the chief commander, 150 miles from this place, and 12 miles beyond Breckenridge, the terminus of the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad.

Now that September is at hand, the harvest is gathered, and *such* a harvest as any country might boast of. Wheat, oats, barley and corn, could scarcely be excelled in quality and quantity. Wild fruits are luxuriant and abundant, and border life is considerably improved to us. We can enjoy ourselves for one year at least on the fat of the land. I do not see why, in this bracing climate, we cannot live one hundred and fifty years as well as half of it. The trouble is we are all too fast, and break ourselves down before we get half way on the journey of life. But there is a gust of Autumn wind, dashing the rain against the window, and your whilom correspondent will dash his pen into quietude for the present.

Phim.

Origin of the Horse Rake.—"Sam, I want you to rake all the hay up to-day. I am going away, and will not be back before night," said farmer Kissam, near fifty years ago.

"Yes, massa; have 'um all up right, an' no mistake."

Sam and his sable companions took their rakes and proceeded to the hay field in good earnest; but as the sun rose higher and shone hotter and hotter, they essayed just to stop a bit under the inviting shade of an apple tree. Here they beguiled the time away so pleasantly listening to Sam's marvellous stories, that, before they were aware, the horn sounded for dinner—and the hay not half raked. Here was a dilemma! If master should return and find the hay unraked, a settlement would be the result. What was to be done?

"I tell you what, Jack, I think we can make a big rake like our hand rakes, and hitch de sorrel to it, and make him help us. Massa has one straight stick, an' I will bore him full ob holes, an' you saw some pins about two feet long an' put in dese holes, an' I will put a strong stick in de middle to hold him by. Tom, get old sorrel and tie his traces to de end of de stick wid a rope, an' we'll hab de hay up yet afore night."

And, sure enough, they did get up a hay rake, and scratched the hay together in a hurry. When the boss came home he noticed a singular-looking contrivance in the lot, and on examining it, he saw at once they had introduced a new idea, and, calling the aid of a carpenter, he constructed the first horse rake in the United States—so the story goes. Said horse rake was made in the town of Jamaica, Long Island, and the lazy negroes were the inventors.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The tail is the canine indicator of joy. In caressing a strange dog you should always "wait for the waggin'!" The reader will at a glance be fully alive to the danger of stroking a dog without a tail.

☞ When you hear the phrase, "I may say without vanity," you may be sure some characteristic vanity will follow in the same breath.

☞ Dog-Stealing in the Second Degree.—Hooking Sausages.

☞ Purchase not friends by gifts: when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to live.—*Fuller.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Stationary People—An Editorial Windfall—A Traveller's Story.

Paris, September 2, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The stay-at-home propensities of the French are curiously illustrated by the interminable descriptions of Normandy and Brittany, with which those who went into those provinces on the late doings at Cherbourg have been indulging themselves, their friends, and the public since their return. So little does that part of the country share in the movement of the central and southern regions, that it is almost a *terra incognita* for the Parisians; disquisitions on the appearance of the towns and villages, the costumes and habits of the people, and such of the local traditions and superstitions as could be picked up in the course of a hasty journey, have filled the Paris papers for a fortnight, and seem to be far from exhausted at this present writing. In private circles, also, those who have just returned from following the Imperial tourists, are the heroes of conversation; and astonishing indeed are the gleanings thus emptied in the laps of listening friends by the visitors to the ancient Armorica. Among these gleanings of current superstitions a more ambitious story is occasionally ventured by the returned travellers; and one of these, narrated a few evenings ago at the house of some friends of mine, I have retained for the edification of your readers.

The traveller in question, M. F., was fortunate enough to discover, somewhere between Caen and Bayeux, a wonderfully old chateau, dating from nobody knows when, but allowed to be far more ancient than the forest by which it is environed, and shrewdly suspected by the neighboring peasantry, who confide their belief to you in a whisper, and crossing themselves devoutly meanwhile, to be at the very least as old as the hills that look down upon its dark and frowning battlements. This old castle, inhabited by the Count of D——, the descendant of its earliest possessors, has the reputation of being much less hospitable to human guests than to visitants from more mysterious spheres; and the Count, who has not been seen out of his own grounds for the last twenty-eight years, and who is understood to have never quitted the castle during that period, is believed to keep up a much more intimate acquaintance with the affairs and personages of another world than with those of our own. Yet time was when this lineal descendant of the Crusaders was a gay and active man, taking part in the interests of the day, and the amusements of his rank; rarely seen in the halls of his ancestors, which were kept from falling to decay by the care of his bailiff, and spending, in the fashionable spheres of Paris, of Naples, and other capitals, the revenues accruing to him from his paternal estates. After serving in the army with some distinction, the Count married a lady of high rank and of great beauty, but without fortune, his own property allowing him to gratify himself in the choice of a wife. This union proved a very happy one; and two children, a boy and a girl, appeared on the *scene* to complete the felicity of their parents. This happiness, however, was not destined to endure. The daughter, a charming girl of sixteen, was seized, during their stay in Italy, with a malignant fever, which carried her off after a few days' illness; the Countess, whom no persuasion could induce to leave her daughter's bed-side, took the infection, and died a couple of days after the young lady's death. The Count, who had hovered about the bed-side of both wife and daughter, too intensely anxious for them to take any precaution for his own safety, entirely escaped the fever. His son, who was in the army, and to whom the bereaved father now turned as the sole tie which bound him to existence, was killed in a duel, in the town in which he was garrisoned with his regiment, a few days before the fatal illness of his sister had declared itself, and the Count received the tidings of his death on the very day on which the remains of his wife and daughter had been interred in a foreign burying-ground.

This terrible shock, it is thought, was too much for the Count's reason; and the long illness which is reported to have followed the strain of these accumulated griefs is believed to have been as much mental as bodily. Rumors, vague and contradictory at first, but settling at length into a circumstantial shape, devoutly received by every body within five miles of the chateau, declare that the Count, after a period of sickness and insanity through which he was nursed and tended by Maitre Jean, under the direction of skilful doctors, spent some time in travelling; and that, during his travels, he fell in with a great necromancer and astrologer, from whom he learned the secrets of his art, and that, since that period, he has forsaken the world and the advantages of his position, to hold illicit converse with the beings of another world. It is also currently believed that this mysterious personage has since visited the Count in his fortress; the only visitor its owner is supposed to have received during his long seclusion. It is true that, should you ask these good people any particulars respecting the necromancer, or his supposed visit, they would be unable to throw any light upon the matter, no one ever having been seen to go into the castle, except the old serving-man, who is supposed to be the Count's sole domestic. But is it to be supposed that a necromancer would go about the world in a post-chaise, like an ordinary mortal? What would be, indeed, the use of his necromancy, unless it enabled him to dispense with the vulgar appliances of life, and to transport himself at pleasure through the air on a griffin, a broomstick, or other wizard-like means of conveyance.

But it is not merely respecting the necromancer and his visit that the curiosity of the villagers is kept in a state of dubious suspense; the sum total of the interest felt by the whole country-side in the mysterious habits of the Count has been fed by conjecture only; for Maitre Jean, the Count's foster-brother, who has served him all his life as the most devoted of attendants, is too discreet and too taciturn ever to have satisfied the curiosity of the villagers on this, or on any other point of his master's history. Certain it is that, from that period, the Count was never again seen in society. He remained abroad for a few years, though no one knows where, and returned, in 1830, accompanied by the faithful Jean, to his native place, where he shut himself up in the chateau, and where he has lived a life of the strictest reclusion up to the present day. The peasants of the neighborhood had not even the poor satisfaction of beholding the features of the last representative of the powerful lords who, in "the good old times" of feudality, ruled their forefathers with the rod of manifold iron wire, which "gentle" hands then laid on "plebeian" shoulders. As the dusk of evening was closing in, one gray November day, the Count's travelling carriage, with postillions and horses from the last relay, drove rapidly through the village, and though many inquisitive heads were peering out of cottage doors and windows as the unwonted vehicle rolled by, no glimpse of human face or figure was obtainable through the thick leathern curtains of the carriage.

So much for the antecedents of the Count de D——; for the rest of the history, I must let the adventurous visitor who has chosen to penetrate his retreat, recount his visit to the old chateau and its invisible master, as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Finding myself at Q——, in the neighborhood of some old friends of my family," says M. F., "I took the opportunity afforded by my journey into that part of Brittany, and leaving the main road, went off across the country to S——, where my friends reside. Now the village of S—— is but a couple of leagues from D——, and the dark turrets of the ancient pile are visible from the hill on which lies the estate of my friends. My curiosity was so strongly excited by the story of its master, and of his strange, isolated life, as related to me by my friends at S——, that I at once conceived a very strong desire to visit him.' This my friends declared to be impossible, but I must do myself the justice to declare that, when I have once set my heart in accomplishing any little matter, I am not apt to allow myself to be discouraged by apparent difficulties. On talking over the matter with my hosts, I discovered that my family had, at one period, been much acquainted with the Count de D——, and also that an uncle of mine had served in the same regiment with the Count, and been able to render an essential service to the latter in the gay days of his youth. I at once addressed to this relative a letter, in which I explained to him my great desire to visit the chateau of D——, and entreated him, in the most moving terms I could think of, to send me, by return of post, a few lines to serve as an introduction to the hermit of the castle. My uncle, (who is also my god-father, and has always shown a "weak side" for his god son,) wrote at once in reply to my letter. He did not much like the idea of my venturing into so questionable a retreat, and endeavored to dissuade me from my project. As, however, his epistle contained a note for the Count, very diplomatically put together, which note he assured me could not fail to procure me, at least, a civil reception, and which I was to make use of, if I could not [illegible] mind to relinquish the idea of this visit, I paid [illegible] and resolved to avail myself of this means of getting at the pupil of the necromancer in his retreat. Accordingly, next day, I procured a vehicle, and drove over to D——, where I lost no time in betaking myself to the chateau. I spare you the description I might inflict upon you of the vast and gloomy old pile, with its moats and portcullis, its extensive park outside the gates, and the great court-yard within, through which I reached the entrance, under the guidance of a gray-haired serving-man, in faded livery, who had answered the summons of my pull at the bell with a face expressive of the greatest possible wonder at my presence. As we reached the vestibule, the old servant opened the door of a small sitting-room, looking in the court, and requested me to be seated while he conveyed to his master the card I had tendered, accompanied by my uncle's letter. The latter, brief but courteous, merely mentioned that a nephew of the writer, being in the neighborhood of D—— Castle, he (the writer) 'took advantage of this proximity to offer his best greetings to an old and valued friend, and to assure him that his feelings of regard and sympathy were unchanged, and added that he had charged his young relative to bring him back good news of the health and prosperity of his early comrade.'

"I had but a short time for looking round the room in which I found myself, and which was plainly but substantially furnished in the style of a century ago, when the old servant returned, and invited me to follow him into the presence of the Count. I confess to a little quicker beating of the heart as I followed, in the old servitor's wake, through a vast hall hung with armor and trophies of various kinds, and along a wide corridor whose antique settles, placed at intervals along the wall, contrasted oddly enough with the thick modern carpeting which entirely absorbed the sound of our steps. We next passed through a cheerful-looking ante-room, full of old furniture and books, with lofty windows looking out upon the park, and I then found myself ushered into a large saloon where I was met by a man of middle height, slightly bent, with a face expressive of great intelligence and refinement, and a pair of dreamy, grayish-blue eyes looking out from under eyebrows as white as his beard and the abundant hair that crowned his head, which was surmounted by a small cap of black velvet. A loose, full robe of the same material enveloped his figure, and his feet were stuck into a pair of eastern looking slippers. Odd as was the appearance of the Count, (for it was he) it was far from unprepossessing; and the mingled dignity and kindliness of his reception of me enhanced the pleasant impression created by his countenance.

"'I am delighted to receive this mark of remembrance from my excellent friend,' said the Count, as he held out his hand, 'and the bearer of this welcome message is, himself, equally welcome. You will, I hope, do me the pleasure to spend the rest of the day here. I am quite a recluse, as you are probably aware, and my hours are early; so that you will have no difficulty in returning to your friend's by a reasonable hour in the evening.'

"Delighted with so amicable a reception, I at once accepted the Count's invitation

"'The weather is delightful,' remarked my host, 'we will lunch at once, as your drive will do doubt have given you an appetite; and we will then take a stroll through the park, where I shall be happy to show you some charming views of the country around.'

"In a short time we were summoned to an excellent lunch, served in a noble dining-room built in Gothic style, and furnished with table, chairs, cabinets, dressers, and sconces, all of which bore witness by their great age, to the antiquity of the place. After lunch, during which the Count showed himself a most courteous host, we spent a couple of hours in roaming about the park, wild as though it had never enjoyed any tending save that of nature's, but beautifully wooded, and abounding in charming points of view. Having duly inquired after my uncle and his family, the Count had led the conversation to general subjects; and I was at once enchanted and astonished at the exactness of his knowledge on all matters of the day, and the lively interest he appeared to take in all the current topics of the time. He spoke of the war with China, the doings at Cherbourg, the rebuilding going on in Paris, of new books, and new discoveries, of poetry, science, art, politics, and gossip, as though he were in the very heart of each of these departments of human interest.

"At the primitive hour of four we sat down to a simple, but elegant dinner, which spoke volumes in commendation of the Commissariat of the castle, though I saw, during the whole of my stay, no other servant than the gray-haired major-domo who had let me in, waited at table, and was subsequently ascertained by me to be Maitre Jean himself.

"During dinner as during our ramble in the grounds the Count's vivacity and flow of conversation never flagged for an instant; but as we were sitting over our wine (my host's cellars being apparently as well furnished as his larder) I fancied that I saw a shade of sleepiness pass over his face, as though it might perhaps have been his habit to take a nap after dinner. The heat of the day, and the exposure to the exciting air of the coast through so many hours, together with my long walk before dinner, seemed also to have produced something of the same feeling in *myself*; but the impression was only momentary, and my host, the next instant, seeming to have aroused himself anew, exerted his remarkable conversational powers with such effect, that my own momentary sense of weariness passed off almost unperceived. More and more astonished at a vivacity so unusual in a man of his age, and at so comprehensive an acquaintance with the things of the present time on the part of one whose long retirement from the world would seem to have buried in a living grave, I could not refrain from expressing my astonishment at finding him so perfectly *au fait* of the news of the day; and remarked that he appeared *to be still in the habit of travelling* a good deal, as he seemed to be aware of everything that was going on both at home and abroad.

"'It is just twenty-eight years since I last entered the gates of this estate,' answered the Count, [illegible]

"'You must, then, be a most indefatigable reader of newspapers, as well as of books,' I exclaimed.

"'No newspaper ever enters my doors,' returned the Count, 'and as for books, all that I possess are already some centuries old.'

"'Then you must receive an immense number of visitors, and from all parts of the world; which certainly would not surprise me, after the charming reception, and the delightful afternoon, which I owe to your kindness,' I remarked, thoroughly puzzled by the Count's negations.

"'During the twenty-eight years that I have passed under this roof, only one visitor, besides yourself, has gratified me with a brief remainder of the world I have visited!' said the Count, seemingly enjoying my amazement. 'I see that you are astonished at not finding me turned into a clodpole,' he continued, still smiling. 'Would you, my young friend, (for so I hope you will allow me to call you,) like to know how I manage to keep up, in this strict retirement, the acquaintance with the world and its doings which I see is puzzling you so much?'

"'I should indeed!' I replied, with, I doubt not, an accent sufficiently demonstrative of the truth of my reply. The Count smiled again, and rising from his chair, 'Follow me!' he said, as he led the way into a room opening out of the dining-hall.

"The room we now entered was long, and perfectly dark; being lighted only by a silver cresset suspended from the centre of the ceiling. Under this cresset was a table, covered with a cloth of green velvet, embroidered with silver; in the middle of the table was some object, covered with a similar cloth. The rest of the room was but dimly visible; the only distinct impression I have of it is of the subtle perfume of incense that pervaded it, together with an indistinct glimpse of ponderous tomes, spheres, and odd-looking instruments that loomed faintly out of the surrounding blackness.

"The Count slowly approached the table, and raising the embroidered covering, disclosed a sort of tub, seemingly of ebony, or perhaps of black marble, filled with pellucid water.

"'Look!' he exclaimed, in a low voice, pointing to the water.

"I did look, and as I looked a sort of tremor seemed to pass over the water, and an iridescent vapor seemed to form upon its surface. In the midst of this vapor next appeared an opening, through which the water was seen, still and shining as a mirror. As I gazed into the tub, shadows flitted over this mirror-like opening, growing more and more distinct, until I saw the harbor and town of Cherbourg, the arrival of the Queen of England, the meeting between the royal guests and their Imperial hosts, and the whole series of events that followed this meeting! Every detail was there, colored to the exactness of reality, and moving to the very life; and still more wonderful, every sound was heard, from the mimic booming of the salute, to the Emperor's toast, and Prince Albert's reply, at the banquet on board the *Bretagne*. The fireworks, the illuminations, the filling of the basin, nothing was wanting.

"Scene after scene, suggested by myself, in India, China, London, St. Petersburgh, and various other localities was now depicted, at a wave of the Count's hand, in the wonderful mirror.

"'What will you see next?' demanded my host, still in a whisper, as these pictures, all full of light and movement, faded from its surface.

"Immediately appeared a vivid line of white buildings, and the gay perspective of the Paris Boulevards stretched beneath my eyes, with its brilliant shops, its trees, its equipages, and its stream of promenaders; and sauntering along, with a cigar in his mouth, came my brother, arm-in-arm with his *friend* S——, so lifelike that I could not restrain an exclamation of amazement.

"'Hush! not a word!' said the Count, in a low whisper.

"I know not why, but the sight of my brother reminded me instinctively as it were, of my mother, whom, as you know, he much resembles; and, as though the mirror had answered to my thought, the image of my brother faded away, and a luminous figure seemed to hover over the water, and at length to settle clearly on its surface. This figure was that of my mother! There was her soft sweet smile, her calm forehead, her attitude and expression at once so graceful, so gracious, and so good. It was clearly and evidently herself; but in the glory of early youth, and beaming with a beauty, a vivacity, and intelligence such as never illuminated the person of lovely woman!

"I felt the Count softly press my arm, as he laid his finger on his lip. The blessed vision bent forward its head smilingly, opened its arms as though it would have embraced me, and threw me a kiss as it receded again from the surface of the mirror, its shining vestments paling to the hue of a summer cloud as it vanished from my view. Involuntarily, I, too, held out my arms, as though I would have followed the gleam of her garments.

"'Enough!' said the Count softly, 'as he spread the embroidered cloth again over the ebony tub, and drew me towards the door. 'You know, now, whence I obtain my information,' remarked the Count, as he replaced the cloth over the tub; 'and you will hardly wonder that, after sorrows such as mine, being in possession of a means which enables me to call up at pleasure the scenes and actors of the past and of the present with equal ease and exactness, I should prefer the solitude of my paternal dwelling, enlivened by this ever-open window through which I can contemplate the scenes and the events of the world without taking part in them, to a more active participation in the affairs of a life of which I am so profoundly weary."

"Of course I could not gainsay the Count's words, as it was not for me, an acquaintance of a few hours only, to risk giving pain by any allusion to the events of his past history; neither could I venture any inquiry as to the *nature of the singular phenomenon I had witnessed.*

"'And now, my young *friend*,' resumed my host, as he moved from the mysterious apartment, 'let me add that, much as I have enjoyed your visit, and much as I should rejoice to see you *again*, an *imperious necessity* compels me to warn you never to repeat your venturous attempt of to-day. Do not interrupt me,' he continued, holding up his finger as though to prevent the words that were rushing to my lips. 'I can imagine all that you would say in reply to a warning so apparently uncourteous. Believe me, I utter it for your own sake, and not for mine. The atmosphere in which I live is not fitted for ordinary respiration, and I am compelled to live alone lest my sphere should injure those who might uncautiously enter it. You, I was aware, might for this time venture on this contact with impunity; but a second visit to my abode would inevitably be fatal to you. One more word of warning, and I have done. However strange all this may appear to you, refrain, I pray you, from asking any explanation, and even from making any allusion while under my roof, to the visit you have now made to my laboratory. Not that this visit was designed merely as a gratification to your curiosity as to the life of the recluse who has so long withdrawn from the commerce of his kind. I do not ask you to forget what you have seen. On the contrary, living as you are, in the midst of a skeptical and materialistic age, I would rather bid you remember, and profit from, the glimpses which you have been allowed to gain to-day. Farewell! and may the lesson prove useful!'

"With a kindly pressure of the hand, as we reached the threshold, my host opened the door of the magic apartment, and we passed again into the dining-room.

"'Another glass of wine will not be amiss just now!' cried my host, as he resumed his seat, and signed to me to resume my own. 'I have had a famous nap,' he continued, filling my glass, as I opened my eyes with a yawn, and sat up in my chair, in much perplexity and amazement. 'I should feel bound to ask your pardon for an old man's habits,' he added, with, I fancied, a sly twinkle in his eye, 'were it not that I perceive you have followed my example. But you are not doing honor to my Sauterne!' he exclaimed with a laugh, as he tossed off a glass of the sparkling wine.

"Still under the dominion of the strange impressions I have recounted, I tried in vain to imitate the Count's gaiety; and most thankful was I to see Maitre Jean make his appearance with coffee. On plea of the roughness of the road between D—— and S——, I now suggested the propriety of my at once setting forth on my way to my friends; and the Count acquiescing in this view of the case, I took my leave of him, with many thanks for the hospitality of his reception.

"'I must beg you to convey my kind remembrances to your excellent uncle, and my thanks for the pleasure he has procured me by your visit,' said the Count, as he shook hands with me at parting, 'and remember,' he continued, 'that if the services of a recluse like myself can ever be of use to you, I shall be heartily rejoiced to place them at your disposal!'

"With the Count's warning in my ears, it will be readily believed that I religiously abstained from asking any explanations; and under the guidance of the grave servant, I now passed out from the enchanted precincts I had been so much bent on entering, unable, for the life of me, to tell whether I had been awake or dreaming! An uncertainty which, I honestly confess," protested M. F—— in concluding his story, "I am as far as ever from having cleared up at the present moment!"

QUANTUM.

LADIES' RIDING COSTUME.

With the great increase in the wholesale practice of riding on horseback which has recently taken place in this city and vicinity, we are persuaded that we should do a great service to our fair readers by copying from a book recently published in England, the following directions for the riding costume of women:—

"Few ladies know how to dress for horse exercise, although there has been a great improvement, so far as taste is concerned, of late years. As to the head-dress, it may be whatever is in fashion, provided it fits the head so as not to require continual adjustment, often needed when the hands would be better employed with the reins and whip. It should shade from the sun, and, if used in hunting, protect the nape of the neck from rain. The recent fashions of wearing the plumes or feathers of the ostrich, the cock, the capercailzie, the pheasant, the peacock and kingfisher, in the riding hats of young ladies, in my humble opinion, are highly to be commended. As to the riding habit, it may be of any color and material suitable to the wearer and the season of the year, but the sleeves must fit rather closely; nothing can be more out of place, inconvenient, and ridiculous, than the wide hanging sleeves which look so well in a drawing room. For country use, the skirt of a habit may be short, and bordered at the bottom a foot deep with leather. The fashion of a waistcoat of light material for Summer, revived from the fashion of last century, is a decided improvement, and so is the over-jacket of cloth or sealskin for rough weather. It is the duty of every woman to dress in as becoming and attractive a manner as possible; there is no reason why pretty girls should not indulge in picturesque riding costume, as long as it is appropriate. Many ladies entirely spoil the 'sit' of their skirts by retaining the usual *impedimenta* of petticoats. The best-dressed horsewomen wear nothing more than a flannel chemise, with long, colored sleeves. Ladies' trowsers should be of the same material and color as the habit; and, if full, flowing, like a Turk's, and fastened with an elastic band round the ankle, they will not be distinguished from the skirt. In this costume, which may be made amply warm by the folds of the trowsers, plaited like a Highlander's kilt (fastened with an elastic band at the waist) a lady can sit down in a manner impossible for one incumbered by two or three short petticoats. It is the chest and back that require double folds of protection during and *after stormy exercise. There is a prejudice against ladies wearing long Wellington boots, but it is quite absurd, for they need never be seen, and are a great comfort and protection in riding long distances, when worn with trowsers tucked inside. They should, for obvious reasons, be large enough for warm woollen stockings, and easy to get on and off.* It would [illegible] pair of wet boots, with the help of a boot-jack and a couple of chambermaids. The heels of riding-boots, whether for ladies or gentlemen, should be low, but long, to keep the stirrup in its place.

Not Bad.—The following expresses pretty nearly what every respectable young lady feels when she first sees stage dancing:—

Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's, in New York, during the ballet season. When the short-skirted gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgetty.

"Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, *sotto voce.*

"Well, Mary."

"It ain't nice. I don't like it."

"Hush, the folks will notice you."

"I don't care; it ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place.

"Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you."

After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said:

"Oh Annie, let's go; it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable."

"Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination; "it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out if they dance every rag off their backs!"

Gen. Winfield Scott, who is now stopping at West Point, met with a severe accident, which may confine him to his bed for some time. He was about attending a dinner party given by Colonel Delafield, when, on going down the stairs, his foot slipped, and he fell to the bottom. Owing to the bullet in his shoulder and his sword wound in his arm, he was unable to arrest his flight, and the fall was severe. To a person of his advanced years and large frame this is a most serious affair. The General was taken to his bed, cupped and leeched, and though he feels better, he is still suffering intense pain. This accident to the old General will be generally regretted throughout the country.

The Fraser River Gold Mines.—Bishop Scott, of the Methodist church, writing from the vicinity of the Fraser river gold mines, says: "I am not, you know, a miner, and my opinion is not worth much, but at any rate I have no motive to be partial; and my opinion is that this Fraser river excitement will prove to be the greatest humbug of the age, and that many people will suffer even to the last extremity. This was my opinion before I left California, and I have seen no reason to change it since I came here, but much to strengthen it. I fear that some parties will have an awful account to settle in regard to this matter in the coming day."

Morphy, the American Chess-Player Beaten.—Morphy, the American chess-player, has been beaten by Harwitz in their first trial, after three hour's play, in Paris. Harwitz won the first move, and proposed to play the "*King's gambit*," which the Yankee accepted. Morphy sacrificed a knight for a terrific attack, which, with an inferior antagonist, must have succeeded. Harwitz made a firm defence, and remained after the shock with queen and four pawns to queen and one. By admirable manœuvering the Prussian succeeded in enforcing an exchange of queens, which decided Morphy to resign.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 171—Adults 93, and children 78.

CHILDREN.

[From Longfellow's new volume, "The Courtship of Miles Standish and other Poems."]

Come to me, oh, ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, oh, ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

A TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

It is highly important to those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable travelling companion.

Having to take this journey very often, and laboring under the above disadvantages as I do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow passengers, at King's Cross or Euston Square, has made me pretty perfect in my judgments. Four-fifths of the human race—or, at all events, of so much of it as travels in the first-class by railway—can be assorted in about half-a-dozen pigeon-holes, and when you have seen a specimen of each description, you have seen all, the rest being but duplicates.

Club fogy, army swell, man of business, country gentleman, parson, and individual with a grievance; very nice people all, without doubt, and may they live a thousand years at the very least, but just conceive an eleven hours' journey in the same carriage with any one of them! Of the gentler sex I say nothing, save Bless their hearts, and may they never grow a day older! But as to being shut up for eleven hours with the same female, I am very sure that the honor would be altogether too much for me.

My sphere of choice, then, being thus narrowed to one-fifth of the human race (male) who travel in the first-class carriages, and my eye being, as I have said, unerring, I generally choose the carriage—you know how the English cars are divided into separate apartments—which is occupied by the most intelligent man in the train. I never indeed made a mistake, that I can remember, but once, when, at the same instant in which I deposited myself and my carpet-bag in a carriage, the individual whose appearance had captivated me, walked straight out of it with his hands in his pockets.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of July last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was a little late and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already occupied carriages, the unthinking guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to durance vile—once in company with a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, and once with no less than five Caledonians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilate upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through-carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events, be very much worse.

Beside myself, the carriage had but one other occupant; a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, except, perhaps, that his clothes looked suspiciously new, and his hat somewhat too glossy. He was not reading the Times so intently but that he could spare a scrutinising glance at the new arrival, as I rammed my carpet-bag under the seat with my hands, and kept a pretty sharp look-out, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he was again buried in—yes!—in the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who is not in want of a situation gets wrapped up in an advertisement sheet; and my companion, I felt sure, was in want of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started, persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer (and, indeed, as afterwards turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling) so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practised acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat, whereupon, instead of sitting down forlornly, and muttering Good gracious! or Confound it! the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other, and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

Here was an original! Here was a grand exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! I hugged myself at the notion of having secured so promising a companion, and that, too, after such a couple of previous escapes.

"But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and, of course, without the risk."

The swag! Did anybody who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke, and I replied, tartly,

"I don't understand thieves' logic, nor the language either."

"Ah, I do;" responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my bare-headed acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us two to quarrel; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now, you are a keen, long-headed fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know anything."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccustomed position of second fiddle, in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford," mused the other coolly, "in this your excessive obstinacy and conceit. You have no ambition to learn, and yet, I dare say, that you, yourself, are concerned, either directly or indirectly, in endeavoring to diminish crime, and to put down the profession of roguery. You help to elect a member of parliament who votes upon social subjects; you subscribe to benevolent associations, for the moral rescue of criminals; you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one, and yet you—" Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular feature of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other, impassively; "you and I would certainly *never meet again*."

"This is downright insult," I exclaimed, with indignation; "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay, sir, I meant no offence," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my very cradle; and," added he, after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the compartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah," he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are merely my whited walls, my outside respectabilities, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business proceedings. We have our little hypocrisies, like the commercial world. See here," he rose up to his full height, and the two lemon-colored aristocratic hands fell on the floor with a thud. "Here are my natural digits," he continued, producing another set of digits ungloved, and not particularly clean; "nobody can suspect a man of picking pockets who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the City Article in the Times."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes, sir," he retorted, "because I saw that pretence of that kind to a person of your intelligence would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, whom doubtless circumstances had driven to his present dreadful calling, but whose mental endowments had evidently been fitted for far better things.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because, sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to one in my situation" (the poor fellow sighed) "too rare a happiness to be easily forgone: besides," he added, reassuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beet-root or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have anything of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, slily.

"Well, sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted, with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a very strange place," remarked he, very slowly and impressively; "your neckcloth seems to be for keeping them safe!"

"How the devil did you come to know that?" I cried, in astonishment.

"What does it signify? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, decisively. "I am sure you can have no ambition to be informed."

"Pray tell," I entreated, "pray tell; I humbly apologise; I had very nearly robbed myself of a most interesting conversation through my own ill-humor. It is very true that I have a number of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth made you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and scarcely needs explanation: stiffeners are seldom worn now, and yet your neckerchief had something in it; you were anxious about that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the bow of it; nor did the thing misfit you, or tickle your neck, because instead of scratching, you simply tapped it, as a man taps his fob to be assured—there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed, testily.

"Nay," said he, "it would be more civil to compliment me upon my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied, with candor. "I think you an exceedingly clever fellow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two doubtless that may be out of your respectable beat, and I dare say I could put you up to the time of day in several matters."

"Put me up to it," I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of superciliousness; "I am as ignorant as a peacock, I feel; do, I entreat you, put me up to it."

Whereupon, I am bound to say that my companion communicated to me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a parliamentary blue book, and beguiled the way for hours with conversation, or rather monologue, of the most exciting kind. Lord Byron states that one of the pleasantest persons he ever met in his life was a pickpocket, and I hasten to endorse his lordship's opinion with my own. I felt all that satisfaction in listening to my nefarious acquaintance which belongs to an intercourse with an enemy during a temporary truce; the delight which a schoolboy feels in playing at cricket with his pedagogue; or the pleasure which is experienced when a bishop happens to join, for once, in the chorus of one's own comic song. So affable, so almost friendly, an air pervaded his remarks that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could have ever been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and far less in any deed of violence.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how bad money was circulated in the provinces, when a sudden thought struck me, to which nevertheless I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt exceedingly desirous to know exactly how garrotting was effected, *yet how was I to* put such a question to so inoffensive and gentlemanlike a scoundrel? At last I mustered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from any acquaintance who, through misfortune or otherwise, had failed in the intellectual branches of his profession, how the garotte was effected. I trembled for his answer, and half repented of having said anything so rude as soon as the question had left my lips. He, however, did but blush slightly and becomingly, smiled with the confidence of a master in some art who is ignorantly interrogated as to his knowledge of its first principles, pulled up his false collar with his real hands, and thus delivered himself:

"Why, singularly enough, sir, the garrote is my particular line."

My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, complete. It was like the question about Hugoumont mooted among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the corner with the Roman nose, who turned out to be the Duke of Wellington.

How eloquent did my fraudulent friend become about this his favorite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What hair-breadth escapes from the police and other intrusive persons interrupting him in the pursuit of his vocation, he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man he had rarely indeed been unsuccessful. Once, however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a harlequin, in plain clothes, returning home from the theatre—who had thown a summersault clean over his head; and once with a stout party from a city dinner, who had no neck—positively none—to afford the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm in such a manner that it was useless for weeks afterwards.

"And you did these feats of yourself and without any assistance?" I inquired, with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, sir," replied he, "but, in all cases, the garrottees were several inches shorter than myself; with a man of your size, for instance," and he laughed good-humoredly, "it would be almost an impossibility."

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. Would he be so good as to show me, just to give me an example how the thing was done?

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, suiting the action to the word, but with the very greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the fore arm tightly. Stoop a little lower, please; thank you—and compress the windpipe with—"

Where was I? Why was I lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the corner seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the bank-notes which it had contained? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind as the train glided into Carlisle station. Above all, where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Bradshaw that the train stopped nowhere between Preston and ——— Yes, but it did though, just for one minute, at the junction of the Windermere line, to drop passengers, although not to take them up.

"Guard, guard!"

"Yes, sir; Carlisle, sir. A quarter of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried hoarsely. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Oxenholme?"

"Yes, sir; very gentlemanly young man with fishing-rod and a landing-net. A lake tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in that neighborhood."

I have not quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the thing was planned from the very first, and the lost hat itself—which was not claimed—a portion of the diabolical plot; or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honorable until I was fool enough to put a temptation in his way, which he could not resist. It was like placing the Bloomer suit of armor in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to Crinoline and the small bonnet in preference to that martial costume to which she has been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so becoming. Previous to the outrage the man's conduct had been certainly quite irreproachable. He reasoned too, perhaps, that since he had so fully "put me up to the time of day," I should have no further occasion for my gold repeater. At all events, my travelling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

TO ONE ABSENT.

I miss thee each long hour,
Star of my heart!
No other voice has power
Joy to impart.
I listen for thy hasty step,
Thy kind sweet tone;
But sorrowing silence whispers me,
Thou art alone!

Darkness is on the hearth—
Nought do I say;
Books are but little worth—
Thou art away!
Voices, the true and kind,
Strange are to me;
I have lost heart and mind,
Thinking of thee!

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

6. But more than ever these most forcible considerations prevailed with one another; the startling anomaly between the lives and principles of the first promulgators of the Bible and the supposition that they were impostors. What!—a whole train of men through well nigh twenty centuries denouncing falsehood as the infallible sign of a worthless, character, the infallible provocation of the wrath of God, and themselves the most supreme of impostors, lying at every step! One after another, with tireless brain, spending their lives in warning those around them of a day of judgment and a place of doom; vowing by the most High God the inevitable punishment of all unrighteousness—and themselves all the while the most impudent, mendacious knaves under the broad arch of heaven!—laboring with yearning hearts for the rescue of lost humanity; laying down their very lives to accomplish its deliverance, and stay men from intolerable anguish in the realms of the after life—and they themselves with their eyes open rushing headlong to incur the very doom they were laboring to save others from! This is incredible. There is no parallel in any other recorded case; none in the case of the founder of Mahommedanism, for instance; none in that of the founder of Mormonism. Passing by all other differences, these latter had personal motives and strong worldly interests to subserve; and they were solitary individuals, each stimulated by his own particular selfism—alike in nothing but their knavery. But the Hebrew teachers often acted in the matter contrary to their own natural inclinations, and almost always contrarily to their earthly interests. Mohammed was a great missionary, but he was the missionary of Mohammed. Smith was a great missionary, but he was the missionary of Joseph Smith. But the Hebrew seers and apostles spoke not of and for themselves, but another. They were no isolated selfisms, but members of a mysterious perdurable confederacy, which kept equal step with the centuries, till a world-wide drama was complete; and the Invisible Supreme who had presided over all their movements, dictated all their utterances, supplied all their miraculous faculties, announced that the God-like project in which He had employed them was sufficiently consummated; a sufficient exposition of His nature, His laws, and His designs delivered to mankind. No parallel, therefore, can be so much as pretended between the great system of revelation and the imitations of it by the subsequent impostors. As for the older religions of the East, we know too little of their origin to reason with any assurance from them; but so far as we do know, both as respects those which are or were polytheistic and those which are or were not, they seem to be the mythic efforts of the common mind much rather than the intentional impostures of individuals. There is, in fact, no parallel, and nothing at all similar even in the most humble way, in the whole history of the human race, to the train of prophets, witnesses and evangelists, miracle-workers and martyrs, whose dignified forms sustain the canopy of revelation. For my own part, as a serious and upright thinker, I candidly avow that I cannot, I dare not believe, that these apparently most noble, most gifted, most extraordinary men have presumed to be the most audacious among liars, the most mean among impostors, the most despicable of all fools, at the very foot of the Great Presence, around whose throne they stand. For if I could believe such a thing, I must for ever lose all faith in the rationality of man. Besides, where is there any token of it? The tokens all point the other way.

I found, in short, that the alternatives of believing and disbelieving the Divine Origin of the Bible were scarcely matter for reasonable choice. One or the other *has to be done*. And man *has to abide by the consequences* of that one or other which in the end he shall have done. There is no such thing as evading a choice one way or the other. There is no such thing as effecting a compromise of the two. But, fortunately, the whole weight of evidence lies on one side. Against the claim of the Bible to a divine origin there appear a few straggling circumstances and surmises, every one of which may be met by the single and probable supposition of a deficiency of knowledge on our own part. Whilst on the other side presents itself a body of evidence at once impregnable and ponderous as the phalanx. Beside what has been already enumerated, a whole list of other no less serious considerations might be given—the lives and deaths of Christians whenever those lives have been conformable to their principles—the improbability and in fact impossibility of our ever having any higher code of morals, any more ennobling and comforting religion, any brighter and more blissful light to cheer us through the valley of the shadow of death—the notable fact that those who have enjoyed the "heavenly things" of Christism, desire no more to exchange them for the inferior and illusory privileges of a mere worldly life—the superiority of even the imperfect Christian civilization we have as yet had to all others hitherto known in the world; together with the evident certainty that a civilization projected and sustained to the full extent of the principles of Christism, must bid defiance to time and all adverse influences. But the catalogue need be extended no further. Such as desire to do the right will need no further incentive to examine the subject through more ample treatises. Those who prefer the wrong would not be influenced by a thousand tomes. The will of man, within its own domain, is stronger than all external to itself.

On the side of the assailants of the plain, liberal Christism of the Bible, I could not help observing very clear tokens of eventual non-success. Indeed they appeared, and do still appear to me, rather the involuntary agents of the progress of the Christian doctrines, than obstacles to it. Their function seems to be that of opening out new ground for their ever-successful antagonists to occupy; to propound problems for Christism to solve, whilst it legitimates the truths as integral parts of itself.

There was something peculiarly amusing in reading as a sort of running commentary to the famous "Lieben Jesu" of Dr. Strauss, the accounts of the new born spiritualistic system of the New World. Here was one of the most erudite scholars of modern Europe, incumbent of a professor's chair in one of the first colleges of bookish "Fatherland," proving that miracle was not to be thought of, for an instant, even in the life and deeds of god-like Jesus; proving it!—aye, with proof so incontestible that from musty foundation to worm-eaten rafter that ancient college rang with the plaudits of graduate and under-graduate, wild with delight at the thought of getting rid of the control of a too stringent morality and a too vigilant religion. *On the other side of the Atlantic* sat two young girls in cosy quietude, preparing a strangely converse report: miracle on every side of us!—disembodied or never-embodied spirits at our very elbow!—unearthly agencies at the beck and call of the child of seven years old! Callous indeed must have been the heart of the professor, if it winced not when he found the name of Goethe in the witness-list of his opponents; if he failed not to utter once more the classic *Et Tu, Brute?* before he gave himself up to his irrevocable doom.

A very bold argument against the Bible has been sent forth from the domain of the geologist. But it is worth nothing. It will not stand the Ithuriel touch of thought. The Bible, say the geologists, is not true, for its epochs are contravened by the epochs of geology. But where is the proof, that the geological formations always took place under the present prevailing conditions? where is the proof that processes which now would occupy a thousand years, did not in the early stage of things become complete in a year, a month, a day? Have half an-hour's conference with Aristotle at all events, Mr. Geologist, before you ignore the religion—the master-matter of the minds—of the men who thought out the Principia and Paradise Lost. For so surely as mind is mind, and earth no more than earth, your science is as yet in such a condition that three or four queries which could be put to it would utterly debar it as a pleader in matters of religion, and possibly send it out of court for ages.

An argument there is, often cited against the religion of the Bible, of which the leading characteristic is such an unaccountable shortsightedness, that the frequency of its use, and in fact that ever by persons of clear intellect it should be used at all, is no insignificant enigma. "*See*," it is said, "*the conduct of some Christians.*" Why the very circumstance of their conduct being culpable, removes them out of the pale of Christian faith and practice. They only are Christ's followers who act like Christ. And where can there be pointed out any act or any precept of His, which for obeying we need fear the censures of a human tongue?

Meantime such from first to last, from centre to circumference, is the case often now-a-days imagined so strong, against the Divine Origin of the Bible. Whilst the evidence in behalf of it is incomparably more multiform, irrefutable and complete than that in behalf of any other truth within the compass of our apprehension.

The few months which I spent at the sheep-station, debating the all important question—*Whether the Bible is a volume of genuine communications from God, or a mere tissue of fiction and fanaticism*—were a time I shall ever remember, for its present tranquillity and its usefulness. No argument, no lack of argument, no experience, however dark, at any subsequent period sufficed to obliterate the conviction I then formed of the Divine authenticity of the Bible. Would to God that I could only in my ordinary life practise its illustrious truth as perfectly as in my judgment I believe it, and as I adore it in my heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There is many a good mother who plans the ruin of the child she dearly loves—teaching it the first of wrong-doing, by simply saying, "Now don't tell your father." Surely mothers do it thoughtlessly, ignorantly, not considering that it is a first lesson in deception.

THE FOOTMEN OF BYGONE TIMES.—Lacqueys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentlemen or women could scarcely move without one, sometimes two or three, vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footman's gallery; an army of the liveried race hustled round chapel doors; they swarmed in ante-rooms; they sprawled in halls and on landings; they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails—that noble race of footmen is well nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay camps and villages of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.—*Thackeray in The Virginians.*

WHERE FINE SHAWLS COME FROM.—In Bockhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of his body is growing. This fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost: it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of colors, and woven into strips eight inches wide, of shawl patterns, such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our schools of design and study of art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewed together so cunningly that no European can discover the joints. They are then taken fifteen hundred miles to the borders of Russia to be sold.

Useful Receipts.

TO MEND BROKEN GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.—Broken glass may be mended quite securely with white paint, such as is used for painting buildings. Put it neatly on both edges and press them firmly together. Put them away until the paint becomes thoroughly dry and hard, when they can be used and washed the same as if they were never broken. If earthenware is broken so that the pieces can be put together and tied securely with a cord, you can by boiling the piece in sweet skim-milk, mend it so that it will never come apart by using. The fractured edges must not be wet with water before mending, and after boiling, put away the dish until it shall become thoroughly dry before taking off the string.—*Rural New Yorker.*

GUMBO SOUP.—Who has not heard of the famous gumbo soup of the Southwest, and who has ever visited New Orleans without luxuriating on it, and declaring it the very best soup ever conceived of? We have often wondered why it is not generally made throughout the South, where all the ingredients are easily obtainable. Here is a receipt for making it, furnished to the Mobile Mercury, by Mrs. L. H. Wright:—

"After your chicken is prepared, fry it to a nice brown color; season it with black pepper and salt; have a large soup-plate full of okra; chop fine, throwing away the heads and tips of the same, as they are hard. Always use the long white, it being more tender and better flavored than the other kinds; stir in this with the chicken, and it will partake of the taste and seasoning of the chicken. Fry it a little, and have ready some boiling water, pouring over, say three quarts, and allow a sufficient quantity to boil away; let all boil down until the chicken becomes perfectly tender, so that it may easily be torn to pieces with a fork. If fried, it requires more pepper and salt, which should be added before it is thoroughly cooked. The gumbo thus made will be very thick. If you do not like it made in this way, do not boil so much, as it spoils all kinds of soups to boil down and fill up again, as many do with cold water, and besides, it is never so rich. Have rice boiled tender, but be careful that the grains are separate. Of course, it is both wholesome and rich."

ESSENCE OF LEMON.—Cut off very thin the rinds of any number of lemons, put the pieces of peel in a phial and cover them with spirits of wine. After a day or two this will have taken up all the oil of the lemon peel, and become far better in quality than that usually sold.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—When the clothes are ready to iron, take pearl starch, make it rather thick when boiled, (like thick jelly,) rub it into the clothes over night—next morning iron in the usual way *'till dry*. Have an ironing board—the size of the bosoms, with three or four thicknesses of cloth sewed over it to run under the bosoms—now take a linen cloth, wet it and wring it out as dry as you can, and with it just dampen by lightly rubbing it over the bosom. Take your polishing iron and rub it hard and quickly over it—if you want an extra shine on, dampen and repeat the rubbing. If you have not a polishing iron, any common round-pointed iron will do by using the point only. The polishing iron should have two slightly convex surfaces—one on the point and one on the heel.—*Lady Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF.—Take a thimbleful of powdered refined borax, (can be had at any druggist or country store,) let it dissolve in a teacup full of water; first brush the head well, then wet a brush with the mixture and apply to the head. Do this every day for a week, and twice a week after for a few times, and you will effectually remove the dandruff. So says a lady friend who has tried it.

CANARIES.—I have read with much interest the discussion respecting the canaries dying, and I have not the least doubt that mites or insects are the real cause. I have myself suffered much at times from them. Limewashing I find of no use, as the insects congregate in the cracks almost as soon as it is dry. Oil I find the best remedy. Occasionally oiling all the cracks of the cage will destroy them in time. Paint the room, and let the birds have clean materials to build with: plenty of lichens, no hay, and above all things do not let them use the same materials twice. A little powdered sulphur in the nest while sitting may also be useful.—*London Field.*

RAIN-DROPS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Alone in the silence of evening
I sit in my shadowy room
And list to the murmuring rain-drops
That whisper and wail in the gloom.
Oh! soft is the voice of the rain-drop,
As it falls on the ear of my heart,
And I listen entranced by its magic,
Till tears from their hidden cells start.
Sing! sing, oh, ye rain-drops of Spring-time!
Sing, sing in your frolicksome flight!
For the wakening earth it is lovely,
And the skies are stainless and bright.
Oh, sing! for a wreath of red blossoms
Has circled the brow of the earth,
And a magical murmur of music
Is rising in gladness and mirth.

Fall softly! ye tear-drops of Childhood,
When golden seems time's joyous wing;
When the murmurs of whispering angels
Are sweeter than voices of spring;
When the spirit is pure and unshadowed,
When sweet birds of loveliness start,
Ere a breath of earth's follies so blighting
Has hushed the sweet tones of the heart.

Murmur, ye rain-drops of Summer,
For the earth it is dusty and dry,
For the fair young flowers are drooping,
From the gaze of the glowing sky.
Oh, whisper! ye rain-drops of Summer,
Of hope to the withering flowers,
When the fierce sun glows above them,
And long are the blossoming hours.

Fall softly, ye glistening tear-drops!
Fall soft in the pathway of life,
When the freshness of youth is departing,
When the soul groweth faint in the strife.
When the day dreams of childhood are fading,
Fall softly! ye glittering tears,
Keep pure and undimmed the sweet visions
The spirit has cherished for years.
Fall softly! for oft the heart's treasures
Like blossoms of summer depart;
When the pathway of life seemeth dreary,
Keep pure and unshadowed the heart!

Wail! wail! oh, ye rain-drops of Autumn!
For the blossoms of summer lie dead.
Wail for the glory departed!
Wail for the loveliness fled!
Mournfully, tenderly, gently,
Chant ye a dirge as ye go,
Over the graves of the lovely,
Over the beauty laid low.

Fall softly! ye sorrowful tear-drops,
When the bloom of life's summer has gone,
When the treasures of life have departed,
When the visions of glory have flown.
When like leaves on the aisles of the forest,
When their freshness and glory have fled,
The hopes that the spirit has cherished,
In the heart's silent chamber *lie* dead.
Yet whisper ye murmuring tear-drops,
Of hope to the fast fainting soul,
For the harvest of life has been gathered,
For the spirit is nearing its goal!

Ithaca, N. Y. SARAH A. F.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

When Pendarves returned, which he did at the end of six weeks, during which time he had written in raptures of the new acquaintances which he had formed at the Wells, he was filled with pain and mortification at sight of my pale cheek, meagre form, and neglected dress.

What a contrast was I to the women whom he had left! And even his affectionate disposition and fine temper were not proof, after the first ebullitions of tenderness had subsided, against my dowdy wretched appearance, and my dejection of manner.

"Helen," said he, "I cannot stand this—I must go away again, if you persist to forget all that is due to the living in regard for the dead. I have not been accustomed lately to pale cheeks, meagre forms, and dismal faces. I love home, and I love you; but neither my home nor you are now recognizable."

I was *wounded*, but reproved and amended. I felt the justice of what he said, and resolved to do my duty.

Soon after, he told me he was going away again; and on my mother's gently reproaching him for leaving me so much, he replied that he could not bear to witness my altered looks, and to listen to my mournful voice.

When Pendarves was gone, I resolved to renew my long-neglected pursuits. I played on the guitar; I resumed my drawing, and sometimes I tried to sing; but that exertion I found at present beyond my powers.

After three weeks had elapsed, Seymour wrote me word that he was about to return from the Wells, with some new friends of his, who were coming to the large mansion within four miles of us, which had been so long uninhabited, called Oswald Lodge. He said he should arrive there very late on the Saturday night; but that after attending church on the Sunday, to hear a new curate preach, whom they were to bring with them, he should return home.

I was mortified, I own, to think that he could stop, after so long an absence, within four miles of home; but I felt that I had lately made so few efforts for his sake, that I had no right to expect that he would pay me an attention like this. But to repine or look back was equally vain and weak; and I resolved to act, in order to make amends for what I could not but consider an indolent indulgence of my own selfishness, however disguised to me under the name of sensibility, at the expense of my husband's happiness. And as six months had now elapsed since the death of my child, I resolved to throw off my mourning, and make the house and myself look as cheerful as they were wont to do.

I also resolved to meet him at the church, which was common to the parish whence he would come, and ours also, and not sit, as I had lately done, in a pew whence I could steal in and out unseen: but walk up the aisle, and sit in my own seat, where I could see and be seen of others.

My mother, meanwhile, observed in joyful silence all my proceedings; and when she saw me stop at the door in the carriage on the Sunday morning, dressed in white, with a muslin bonnet, and pelisse lined with full pink, and a countenance which was in a measure at least cheerful, she embraced me with the warmest affection, and said she hoped she should now see her own child again.

Spite, however, of my well-motived exertions, my nerves were a little fluttered when I recollected that I was going to encounter the scrutinizing observation of Seymour's new friends, who, if arrived, would no doubt, from the situation of the pew, see me during the long length of my progress towards mine, which was opposite. They were arrived before me, for I saw white and colored feathers nodding at a distance; but I remembered it was not in the temple of the Most High that fear of man ought to be felt, and I followed my mother up the aisle with my accustomed composure.

Oh! how I longed to see whether my husband was with the party! but I forbore to seek the creature till the dues to the Creator were paid. I then looked towards the pew, but soon withdrew my eyes again, for I saw my husband listening with an animated countenance to what a gentleman was saying to him, who was gazing on me with an expression of great admiration. I therefore only exchanged a glance of affectionate welcome with Pendarves, and tried to remember him and his companions no more.

When service was ended, Seymour eagerly left his seat, and coming into mine, proposed to introduce me to his friends: "For now," said he in a low voice, "I again see the wife I am proud of." I smiled assent, and a formal introduction took place.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, who, after a long residence abroad, were come to live on their estate, and resume those habits of extravagance the effects of which they had gone abroad to recover; of a Lord Martindale, the gentleman I had before observed; and of one or two persons—a sort of hangers-on in the family—who ministered, in some way or other, to the entertainment of the host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald now politely urged my mother and myself to favor them with our company at dinner, my husband having promised to return to them by five o'clock; but we declined it, and Seymour attended us home. Seymour expressed more by his looks than his words, the pleasure my change of dress and countenance had occasioned him; for he was too delicate to expatiate on what must recall to my mind only too forcibly the cause of the difference which he had deplored; but when he rejoiced over my recovered bloom, and *embonpoint*, I reminded him that my bloom was caused by my lining, and my seeming plumpness by my pelisse. This was only too true. Still I was, he saw, disposed to be all he wished me; and when he reached our house, and he beheld baskets of flowers in all the rooms, as usual; when he beheld the light of day allowed to penetrate into every apartment, except where the sun was too powerful, when he saw my guitar had been moved from its obscurity, and that my portfolio seemed full of drawings; he folded my still thin form with fondness to his heart, and declared that he now felt himself quite a happy man again. Nor would he leave me, to dine at Oswald Lodge; and he sent an excuse, but promised to call there on the morrow, and take me with him. The next day he summoned me to get ready to fulfil his promise, and I obeyed him, but with reluctance; for I felt already sure that I should not like these new friends.

In Lord Martindale, I already saw an audacious man of the world; and those spendthrift Oswalds—those beings who seemed to think they came into life merely to amuse it away—did not seem at all suited to my taste or principles, and were certain to be dangerous to a man of Seymour's tendency to expense.

On our way thither, I asked if Lord Martindale was married; and with a cheek which glowed with emotion, he replied,

"Married! Oh, yes! Did I not mention Lady Martindale to you? How strange!"

But I did not think it so, when I heard him descant on her various attractions and talents with an eloquence which was by no means pleasing to me.

"Indeed," said I, sighing as I spoke, "I feel it a great compliment that you preferred staying with your faded wife to dining with this brilliant beauty.

"Brilliant beauty! Dear girl! in beauty, *she* is not to be compared to you! She is certainly ten years older, and never was a beauty in her life. She has very fine eyes, fine teeth, fine hair, and a little, round, perfectly-formed person; *au reste*, she is sallow, and, when not animated, plain; in her expression, her endless variety, her gracefulness, and her vivacity, lies her great charm. Altogether, *c'st une petite personne des plus piquantes;* and with even more than the usual attraction of her country-woman."

"Is she French, then?"

"Yes; she was well-born, but poor; and her great powers of fascination led Lord Martindale, who was living abroad, to marry her in spite of his embarrassed fortune. They came over in the same ship with the Oswalds, and thence the intimacy."

By this time we had reached Oswald Lodge, and were ushered through a hall redolent with sweets to the morning-room, where we found Mrs. Oswald, splendidly attired, stringing coral beads, and the gentlemen reading the papers. If there ever was a complete contrast in nature, it was my appearance and that of Mrs. Oswald. Figure to yourself the greeting between a woman of my great height, excessive meagreness, and long neck, and one not exceeding five feet, with legs making up in thickness for what they wanted in length, with a short neck buried in fat, and the rest of her form of suitable dimensions, while the dropsical appearance of her person did not however impede a short and quick waddling walk. Figure to yourself also a fair, fat, flat face, full of good-humor, and betokening a heart a stranger to care; and then call to mind my different style of features, complexion, and expression, particularly at that melancholy period of my life.

"What a fine caricature we should make!" thought I; and it required all my dislike to employ the talent for caricature which I possessed, to prevent my drawing her and *myself* when I went home. But I was ashamed of the satirical manner in which I regarded her, when she welcomed me with such genuine kindness; and ill befall the being whom welcome and courtesy cannot disarm of even habitual sarcasm! Mr. Oswald was as courteous and kind as his wife, and Lord Martindale *looked* even more soft meanings than he *uttered*—adding, "When I saw *you* yesterday, Mrs. Pendarves, I did not expect to see Mr. Pendarves return to us to dinner. Nay, if he had I never could have *forgiven* him."

"My lord," cried Oswald, "*I* did not expect him for *another* reason, though I admit the full force of yours. He knew Lady Martindale was too unwell to dine below, for I told him so myself; and my 'fair, fat, and forty' here was not likely to draw him from 'metal more attractive—'" bowing to me.

"So then," said I to myself, "his staying with me, for which I expressed my thanks, was no compliment after all; and, disingenuous as usual, he did not tell me Lady Martindale would not be visible!" I am ashamed to own how this little incident disconcerted me. I had been flattered by Seymour's staying at home, but *now* there was nothing in it. Oh! the weakness of a woman that loves!

Seymour, who knew that I should be mortified, and he *lowered* in my eyes by this discovery, was more embarrassed and awkward than I ever knew him, in paying his respects and making his inquiries concerning the health of Lady Martindale, and had just expressed his delight at hearing she was recovered, when the lady herself appeared; she paid her compliments to me in a very easy and graceful manner, and expressed herself much pleased to see the lady of whom her lord had raved ever since he saw her; and I suspect her broken English gave what she said much of its charm. At least I wished to think so *then*. I found Seymour had painted her as she was, as to externals; whether he had been as accurate a delineator of her mind and general manners, I was yet to learn.

That she could dance, I had soon the means of discovering; for she had a little French dog with her, which had been taught to dance to a tune; and while Mrs. Oswald played a slow waltz, and then a jig, Lady Martindale, on pretence of showing off the little dog, showed herself off to the greatest possible advantage. Whether she glided smoothly along in the graceful abandonment of the waltz measure, or whether she sprung lightly on the "gay fantastic toe," her fine arms floated gracefully on the air, and her beautiful feet moved with equal and as becoming skill. When she had ended, she was repaid with universal bravos and clapping of hands.

Nothing could exceed the grace with which she curtsied; and snatching the dog under her arm, she went round the circle, extending her beautiful hand to each of us, saying "Pray, give cakes to my Fanchon," and the plate of macaroons that stood near us was immediately emptied before the little animal, who growled and ate as the great delight of his [illegible] knelt in attitude *fait a peindre* beside him.

I cannot express to you what I felt when I saw Seymour's eyes riveted on this woman of display. He watched her every movement, and seemed indeed to feel she possessed "grace more beautiful still than beauty." But who and what was she? A Frenchwoman, well-born, though poor.

Was it the quick-sightedness of jealousy, I wonder, or was it that women read women better than men do, where their love or their vanity is concerned, which made me suspect that she had been not only a *femme de talens*, but a *femme a talens*, and that Lord Martindale had married a woman who had been in public life? However, what did that matter to me! Whatever she was, she possessed fascinations which I had not; she had a power of amusing and interesting which I had never possessed; and I feared that to him who could admire *her*, *I* must soon cease to be an object of *love*, though I might continue to be one of *esteem*. But did I wish to please as she had been pleasing? Did I wish to be able to exhibit my person in attitudes so alluring? Would it have been consistent with the modest dignity of an English gentlewoman? Nay, would my husband have liked to see me so exhibit in company? Notwithstanding, to charm, amuse, and fix his roving eye, and enliven our domestic scenes, I could not help wishing that *I* could do all *she* did. But I *could* not do it, and I *feared* her. We were eagerly asked to stay to dinner, but we refused; however, another day was fixed for our waiting on them, so the evil was only delayed.

And *what* were we doing and *wherefore*? We were entering into dinner visits, and with a reduced income, with persons who lived in all the luxuries of life, and of whom we knew nothing but that ten years before they had been forced to run away from their creditors, and that the chances were they would be forced to do so again. The *wherefore* was still *less* satisfactory to me. We did it that my husband might amuse away his hours; and, as I had reason to fear, forget in this stimulating sort of company and diversions the anxieties and the unhappy feelings which were in future likely to cling to him at home. For I was sure he was involved in debts which he could not pay, and those who are so involved are always forced to substitute constant amusement for happiness. If they do not, they fly to intoxication; but agreeable company and gay pursuits are the better intoxication, I own, of the two.

And was it come to this? Was my husband for ever unfitted for the enjoyment of domestic comfort; and was I reduced to the cruel alternative of seeing him abstracted and unhappy, or of parting with him to the abode of the Syren? while I was sometimes forced to accompany him thither, and witness his evident devotion to *her*, his forgetfulness of *me*? Alas! such seemed to be my situation at that moment; but I was resolved to talk with him seriously on the state of his affairs, and to make any retrenchments, and offer any sacrifices, to remove from his mind the burthen which oppressed it. But, for some time, like most persons so distressed, he was decidedly averse to talk on the subject, and liked better to drive care *away* by pleasant society than to meet the evil though it was in order to remove it. In the meanwhile I went to Oswald Lodge occasionally, and occasionally invited its owners and their guests to our home, till the party there grew too large for our rooms to receive them; and then I had an excuse for not accompanying my husband often, in not having carriage-horses, as I had prevailed on Pendarves to drop that unnecessary expense. This produced urgent invitations to sleep there; but that I never would do: I would not consent to be with these people on so intimate a footing, especially as I had not my mother's countenance or presence to sanction it; she having resolutely declined visiting them at all, as she disliked the manners and appearance, as well as the mode of life, of the whole party. But she confirmed me in my resolution never to seem to *undervalue*, though I did not *commend*, Lady Martindale, as she well knew my disapprobation would be imputed to envy and jealousy even by Pendarves, and she advised me to endure patiently what I could not prevent. Not that she for a moment suspected that my husband was seriously alienated from me, and was acting a dishonorable part towards Lord Martindale; but she could not be blind to Seymour's long absence at Oswald Lodge, and his now passing nights there, as well as days. But his pleasures were, for a little while at least, put a stop to; for he received at length so many dunning letters, that he was forced to unburthen his mind to me, and ask my aid, if possible, to relieve his distresses. He positively, however, forbade me to apply to my mother, and I was equally unwilling to let her know the errors of my still beloved husband.

Yet what could I do for him? I could dismiss one, if not two servants, and he could sell another horse; but then money was wanted to pay debts. There was, therefore, no alternative, but for me to prevail on my trustees to give up some of my marriage-settlement; and as I knew that my mother's fortune must come to me and my children, if I had any, I was very willing to relieve my husband from his embarrassments, by raising for him the necessary supplies. Nor did I find my trustees very unwilling to grant my request, and once more I believed my husband free from debt. I also hoped that my mother knew nothing of either the distress, or the means of relief. But, alas! one of the trustees concluded our uncle knew of these transactions, and was probably desirous to know why he had, though a very rich man, allowed *me* to diminish my marriage settlement, in order to pay debts which *he* could have paid without the smallest inconvenience, as he had only two daughters, who were both well married.

Accordingly, he mentioned the subject to my astonished and indignant uncle, who, with his usual indiscretion, revealed it to his wife. The consequence was inevitable; she immediately wrote a letter of lamentation to my mother, detailing the whole affair, adverting to the other transaction concerning Saunders's debts, pointing out the great probability there was that what every one said was true—namely, [illegible] had prevailed on Saunders to marry Charlotte Jermyn, and therefore was bound in justice to assist him, and concluding with a broad hint concerning his evident attachment to a Lady Martindale.

What a letter for a fond mother to receive! But to the money transactions alone did she vouchsafe any credit; and relative to these she demanded from me the most open confession, saying, "The rest of the letter I treat with the contempt it deserves." I had no difficulty in telling her everything which related to the last transaction; but my voice faltered and my eye was downcast, when I described the other, because I had never been entirely able to conquer some painful suspicions of my own, and her quick eyes and penetrating mind soon discovered, though she was too delicate to notice it, that in my own heart I was not sure that all my aunt suspected was unjust. But if I shrunk from the searching glance of her eyes, how was I affected when she fixed them on me with looks of approving tenderness, and told me, with evidently suppressed feeling, that I had done well and greatly in concealing my husband's extravagant follies even from her!

That day's post brought a letter of a more pleasant nature from my uncle to me. He informed me, that though he utterly disapproved my giving to an erring husband what was intended as a provision for my innocent children, he could not bear that I should suffer by my erroneous but generous conception of a wife's duty, and had therefore replaced the sum which I had so rashly advanced, desiring me on any future emergency to apply to him.

Kind and excellent old man! How pleasant were the tears which I shed over this letter! but still, how much more welcome to my soul were those which it wrung from the full heart of Pendarves!

But amidst the various feelings which made my cheek pale, my brow thoughtful and sad, my form meagre, and which deprived me of every thing but the mere outline of former beauty, was the consciousness that my mother's heart was estranged from my husband. He had even exceeded all her fears and expectations; and her manner to him was full of that cold civility, which, when it replaces ardent affection, is of all things the most terrible to endure from one whom you love and venerate. He felt it to his heart's core, and alas! he resented it by flying oftener from his home and the wife whom he thus rendered wretched.

At this period, my mother was surprised by a most unexpected guest, and, situated as I was, an unwelcome visitor to both—for it was Ferdinand De Walden.

Business had brought him to England; and as time had, he believed, mellowed his attachment to me into friendship, he had no objection to visit my mother, and renew his acquaintance with me. But though she prepared him to see me much altered—as I had not, she said, recovered the loss of my child—he was so overcome when he saw me, that he was forced to leave the room: and the sight of that faded face and form—nay, I may say, the utter loss of my beauty—endeared me yet more to the heart of De Walden.

Had I been an artful—had I been a coquettish woman, this was the time to show it, for I might have easily roused the jealousy of my husband, and perhaps have terrified him back to his allegiance. But I should have felt debased if I had excited one feeling of jealousy in a husband's heart; and my manner was so cold to De Walden, that he complained of it to my mother.

Mr. Oswald called on De Walden, as soon as he heard of his arrival, for he had known him abroad, and a day was fixed for our meeting him at Oswald Lodge: nay, my mother, to mark her great respect for her guest, would have joined the party, had she not sprained her ankle severely the day before.

It was now some weeks since I had dined there; therefore I had not seen the great increase of intimacy which was visible between Seymour and Lady Martindale, and which I dreaded should be observed by Lord Martindale himself: but he did not seem to mind it, and looked at me with such an expression of countenance, lavishing on me at the same time such disgusting flatteries, that the dark eye of De Walden flashed fire as he regarded him, and he beheld my absorbed and inattentive husband with a look in which scorn contended with agony. But if Seymour was completely absorbed in looking at and listening to the Syren who bewitched him, *she* was not equally absorbed in *him:* but I saw that when he was not looking at her, she was earnestly examining De Walden, and that his eye dwelt on her with a very marked and scornful meaning.

Lady Martindale was solicited, at the dinner-table, to promise some new guests who were there to exhibit to them the scene with the dog; but, on pretence of having hurt her foot, she refused. This led to a conversation on dancing, of which art, to my great surprise, De Walden declared himself a great admirer in the early part of his life. "When I was very young," said he, in French, "I saw such dancing as I shall never forget. It was that of a young creature on the Paris stage, who was then called Annette Beauvais, and she quite bewitched my young heart, both on and off the stage; for I once saw her in a private party—but then I was quite a boy. She was at that time the mistress of a *fermier general:* since then, she has figured, as I have heard, in many different capacities, and I should not be surprised to hear of her as a peeress, or a princess, so great and versatile were her powers."

This discussion, so little *apropos*—for what did any one present care for Annette Beauvais? convinced me De Walden had a meaning beyond what appeared; and casting my eyes on Lord Martindale and his lady, I saw they were both covered with confusion; but the former recovering himself first, said, "Annette Beauvais! My dear Eugenie, is not that the name of the girl who was reckoned so like you?"

"*Mais oui—sans doute*—I was much sorry—for I was take for her very oft—yet she is taller than I."

"She may look taller on the stage, my lady," said De Walden, again speaking in French, that she might not lose a word; "but I would wager any money, that off the stage, no one would know Annette from you, or you from her."

"*A la bonne heure*," said she in a tone of pique, and avoiding the searching glance of his eye; then on her making a signal to Mrs. Oswald, she rose, and we left the dining-room.

With the impression which I had just received on my mind, of Lady Martindale's former profession—or, rather, *character*—I could not help replying to the attentions which she now lavished on me with distant politeness; and I saw clearly that she observed my change of manner, and, resenting it in her heart, resolved to make ample vengeance; for, as I stood with my arms folded in a long mantle which I wore, lost in reverie, it happened that I did not answer Lady Martindale when she first spoke, and when I did, it was in a cold and absent manner, and as if I addressed an inferior; on which the artful woman, who sat in a recess by the side of my husband, threw herself back, exclaiming, "Only see how she treats me! How have I deserved such hard treatment from her?" She accompanied these words with a few touching tears.

On seeing and hearing this, for the first time in his life since we married, Seymour felt irritated against me; and coming up to me, he said, in a voice nearly extinct with passion,

"Mrs. Pendarves, I insist on your apologizing to that lady for the rudeness of which you have been guilty."

For one moment my spirit revolted at the word "insist," and my feelings were overset by the "Mrs. Pendarves;" but it was only for a moment.

I felt that I *had* been rude; and I also felt that I should not have acted as I did, spite of my suspicions, if I had not been jealous of Seymour's adoration for her.

Accordingly, drawing so near to her that no one could hear what passed, I told her at the command of my husband, I assured her I did not mean to wound or offend her, and that I was sorry I had done so.

"Ah! 'tis your husband spoke den, not your own heart—dat's wat I want."

"The feelings of my heart," said I, "are not at the command even of my husband; but my words are, and I have obeyed him—but I am really sorry when I have given pain to any one." Then, with a low curtsey, I left them, and retired to a further part of the room.

During this time I saw that Seymour looked still angry, and was not satisfied with my apology, or the manner in which I delivered it; and I repented I had not been more gracious. But now I was requested to sing a Venetian air to the Spanish guitar, to which I had written English words; and I complied, glad to do something to escape from my own painful reflections, and also from the earnest manner in which De Walden examined my countenance, and watched what had just passed. But in order no doubt to mortify my vanity by calling off the attention from me to herself, the moment I began, Lady Martindale set her little dog down who was lying in her lap, and began to make him dance to the tune; but as she did not get up herself and dance as usual with him, the poor beast did not know what to make of it, but set up a most violent barking. I had had resolution to go on both singing and playing during the grimaces of the dog and its mistress, even though my own husband, instead of resenting the affront to me, had seemed to enjoy it; but when the dog spoke I was silent; on which De Walden seized the little animal in his arms in spite of Lady Martindale's resistance, and put it out of the room. Then stooping down he whispered something in her ear which silenced her at once. During this scene I trembled in every limb; for I feared that Seymour might be mad enough to resent De Walden's conduct. I was therefore relieved when Lord Martindale come up to him, as if he meant to resent the violence offered to his lady's dog; but on his approaching De Walden, he said, with great good-humor,

"That was right, Count De Walden; and if you had not done it, *I* should. Only think that a beast like that should presume to interrupt a seraph!"

"Ah! if but he it was alone that presumed in this room, it would be well; but we often make example of one who is guilty the least."

Lord Martindale did not choose to ask an explanation of these words, but turning to me, requested me to resume my guitar and my song. But I had not yet recovered my emotion, nor perhaps would it have been consistent with my self-respect to comply.

Certainly De Walden thought not; for he said in a low voice, "My dear friend, pray do not sing!" and I was firm in my refusal.

Perhaps it was well that I was not allowed to go on with my song, as the words were only too expressive of my own feelings, for they were as follows:—

SONG.

How bright this summer's sun appeared!
How blue to me this summer's sky!
While all I saw and all I heard
Could charm my ear, could bless my eye!

The lonely bower, the splendid crowd,
Alike a joy for me possessed;
My heart a charm on all bestowed,
For that confiding heart was *blessed*.

But thou art changed! and now no more
The sun is bright, or blue the sky;
Now in the throng, or in the bower,
I only mark thy *altered eye*.

And though 'midst crowds I still appear,
And seem to list the minstrel's strain,
I heed it not—I only hear
My *own deep sigh* that mourns in vain.

My carriage was announced soon afterwards, and I saw by the manner of both, that Lady Martindale was trying to persuade my husband to stay all night, but as De Walden came with us, propriety, if not inclination, forbade him to comply, and he sullenly enough followed De Walden and me to the carriage. When there, that considerate friend refused to enter it—declaring as it was moonlight, he preferred walking home.

What a relief was this to my mind! for I dreaded some unpleasant altercation, especially if De Walden expressed the belief which he evidently entertained, that Lady Martindale and Annette Beauvais were the same person.

When he entered the carriage, my husband threw himself into one corner of it, and remained silent. I expected this; still I did not *know how to bear it; for I could not help* contrasting the past with the present. Is there—no, there is not—so agonizing a feeling in the catalogue of human suffering, as the first conviction that the heart of the being whom we most tenderly love, is estranged from us! In vain could I pretend to doubt this overwhelming fact. Seymour had resented *for* another woman, and to *me!* He had even joined in, and *enjoyed*, the mean revenge that woman took, though that revenge was a public affront to *me!* And now in sullen silence, and in still rankling resentment, he was sitting as far from me as he could possibly sit, and the attachment of years seemed in one hour destroyed!

All this I felt, and thought during the first mile of our drive home; but so closely does hope ever tread on the heels of despair, that one word from Pendarves banished the worst part of my misery; for in an angry tone he at length observed,

"So, madam, your champion would not go with us; I think it is a pity you did not walk with him—I think you ought to have done no less, after his public gallantry in your service."

"Ha!" thought I immediately, "this is pique, this is jealousy, and perhaps he loves me still!" What a revulsion of feeling I now experienced! and never in his fondest moments did I value an expression of tenderness from him more than I did this weak and churlish observation; for he was not silent and sullen on account of Lady Martindale's fancied injuries, but from resentment of De Walden's interference. In one moment therefore the face of nature itself seemed changed to me; and I eagerly replied,

"I was certainly much obliged to De Walden—I needed a champion, and who so proper to be it as himself, the only old friend I had in the room, yourself excepted, and the only person in it probably who now (here my voice faltered) has a real regard and affection for me!"

"Helen!" cried Pendarves, starting up, "you cannot mean what you say! You do not, *cannot* believe that De Walden loves you better than *I* do."

"If I had not believed it, I should not have said it."

"But how could you believe it? Has he dared to talk to you of love?"

"Do you think he could forget himself so far as to do such a thing? or if he did, do you think I could forget myself so far as to listen to him? Surely, sir, you forget of whom and to whom you are speaking."

"Forgive me—I spoke from pique. And so, Helen, you think I do not love you?"

"Not as you did, certainly; but I excuse you. I know grief has changed me; and it had been better for me to have died, if it had so pleased God, when my poor child died."

"Helen, dearest! do not talk thus, I cannot bear it!" he exclaimed, clasping me to his heart; and though I then wept even more abundantly than before, I wept on his bosom, and all my sorrows were for a while forgotten.

The next morning, Pendarves told me he should certainly breakfast with me; but he must leave me soon, to partake of a late breakfast at Oswald Lodge, as he had promised to go with the party to call on a family, with whom they were to arrange some private theatricals.

"And are you to engage in them?"

"Oh! to be sure; it will not be the first time of my acting."

"And will Lady Martindale act?"

"Yes, but not with us. We shall act in English; she will favor us with a monodrame, a ballet of action, and perhaps read a French play, which she reads to perfection."

"Not better than she dances, I dare say; for dancing, I suspect, *was* once *one* of her professions."

"What nonsense is this, Helen? and who has dared to give such an erroneous and false impression of this admirable woman?"

"Surely you must have perceived that De Walden meant to insinuate that she and Annette Beauvais are the same person?"

"Then he is a vile calumniator."

"Not so—he is only a *mistaken* man."

"But it seems you think he *cannot* be mistaken: he is an *oracle*."

"My love," replied I, "we had better not talk of De Walden."

"You are right, Helen—quite right, for I am conscious of great irritation when I think of him; for I feel—I cannot but feel, how much more worthy of you he is than I am; and yet, foolish girl! you gave him up for me. Oh, Helen! when I saw him, impatient of affront to you, step forward with that flashing eye, that commanding air, to seize the offending brute, though I could have stabbed him, I could also have embraced him; and I said within myself, 'And to this man Helen preferred *me!* How she must repent her folly *now!*'"

"She never has repented—she never *can* repent it," said I, throwing myself upon his neck. "You know I took you with all your faults open to my view."

"Yes; but you fancied love and you would reform them."

"I did—and I think that we may do so still; but you must not let me fancy you do not love me, Seymour: if you do, I shall pine and mope, and become the object of your aversion."

"Impossible! do you think I can ever dislike you?"

"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" said I, returning to his embrace.

"I will hear no more of such horrible surmises: I have now outstayed my time."

Then, mounting his horse, he was out of sight in a moment.

Soon after, my mother appeared, and, to my surprise, unaccompanied by De Walden.

"Where is our friend?" was my first salutation.

"On the road to London."

"London! And why?"

"He had his reasons for going; and, as usual, they do honor both to his head and heart."

"May I not know them?"

"I would not tell them to all women under your circumstances; but I can trust you. He finds that he has not conquered his attachment; and that he cannot behold the affecting change in your appearance, and reflect on the cause, without feeling what his principles disapprove. Besides, he is afraid of getting involved in a quarrel with Pendarves, as, I suppose, you guess who this Lady Martindale is."

"I do. Well, I am glad De Walden is gone, for I know Pendarves will rejoice."

I then related to her my conversation with my husband, and did it with so much cheerfulness, and such an evident revival of hope, that I imparted some of the feelings which I experienced; and my mother's heart was visibly softened towards Seymour, while she uttered, "Poor fellow! he does indeed justly judge himself: you did prefer the brilliant to the diamond! But where is he?"

"Gone out with the party at the Lodge, on particular business, and will not return till night."

On hearing this, my mother's countenance fell; and kissing my cheek, she shook her head mournfully, and changed the conversation. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Comet.—The illustrious stranger so long expected has at length made his appearance in the northwest part of the heavens, where it is visible at present between the hours of seven and eight, P. M., or four in the morning, in the northeast. It is conjectured to be the great comet of 1264 and 1556, whose tail was said to have been more than one hundred degrees in length, or one half of the visible heavens. It was said to have disappeared October 3d, of the same year, on the night of the death of Pope Urban IV., and was, of course, thought a special forerunner of that event.

In 975 this comet saw the earth in the midst of the dark ages. Basil and Constantine VIII. reigned over the Eastern Empire.

In 1264, on its next visit, it witnessed the first regular Parliament in England.

In 1556, it found America discovered, and the world's greatest genius, Shakspeare, just learning to walk.

In 1848, its visit may be very reasonably supposed to have been postponed to witness the success of the Atlantic Cable scheme.

The excitement relative to its near approach to the earth, last year, is still in everybody's memory; but even if the comet was to strike the earth, it probably could not penetrate the earth's atmosphere, on account of the superior density of the latter. It has the appearance now of a faint star with a nebulous train of light, about two degrees in length, but it is calculated that by the first week in October this comet will attain an unusual splendor.

Pike's Peak Gold Mines.—The following is an extract of a letter from a correspondent at St. Louis, who has just returned from Kansas:

"While at Kansas city I was agreeably surprised to meet an honest friend, Mr. Martin, who was just in town from Pike's Peak, in the extreme west of that Territory, where the newly discovered gold region is. He is in one blaze of excitement. Miners make $5 per day, just digging with their hands, and those that possess shovels make $15 to $20. He predicts that six months hence will witness a mighty crusade from the great West to these mines; and that it will depopulate California of nearly all her miners before one year rolls round, as it will be of easy access to them on their way home to the Eastern States. He left about eighty men working there, and intends returning as soon as he makes some purchases to take on there."—*Journal of Commerce.*

Mr. J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, the historian, who is now lecturing in Ireland on the "State and Progress of Religion on the Continent," was married in St. Peter's church, Dublin, August 14, to Miss Fanny Hardy, third daughter of the Rev. J. Hardy, Rector of Kilcullen.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara brings Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 11th inst.

The London Times' City article says that the condition of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is unaltered. The signals continue to be received but are too uncertain and [illegible] to be intelligible. Occasionally a short word is given, but never anything approaching to a sentence. The experiments made still lead to the belief that the injury is near to the coast, probably within two or three miles. The strong portion of the cable manufactured expressly for the shore, has been shipped from Plymouth for Valentia, and will be substituted immediately on its arrival for the ordinary wire, which, however well adapted for undisturbed depths, is totally inadequate to resist liability to accident upon a rocky coast.

The Times's Plymouth correspondent telegraphed on the 9th, that instructions had unexpectedly arrived from Ireland for suspending the embarkation of the Valentia shore end of the cable on board the steamship Belda, which vessel was to receive it.

The Liverpool Post says that electrical experiments have proved beyond a doubt that the defect in the cable arises from leakages at a distance of two hundred and forty miles from land.

The Directors were to meet in London on the day the Niagara sailed, to discuss future action.

The shares fluctuated from four hundred and eighty to five hundred and twenty pounds, with numerous transactions.

Charles F. Bright, the Engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, received the honor of Knighthood, on the 4th of the month, from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

A banquet took place at Killarney, on the 7th inst., in honor of the laying of the cable. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland attended. He emphatically denied that he absented himself from the Dublin banquet from sectarian bigotry, or personal hostility to the great enterprise. Official necessity was the sole cause of his non-attendance.

The toasts included the President of the United States, Mr. Cyrus W. Field and Capt. Hudson, the officers of the Niagara, etc.

The comet had been distinctly visible to the naked eye, in various parts of England.

The 100th regiment recently raised in Canada is expected to be ordered to India soon.

Queen Victoria will visit Prussia to attend the accouchement of her daughter.

Negotiations for the establishment of mail services to Australia and British Columbia, by the Panama route, were still under the consideration of the Government.

The whole of five thousand reinforcements of cavalry and infantry recently ordered to India, had been despatched.

Eighteen English railway companies, representing a capital of one hundred and fifty millions sterling, had held a meeting in London for the purpose of agreeing upon a course of procedure to avoid further misunderstanding. Among other resolutions adopted was one strongly recommending the settlement of all difficulties by arbitration instead of law, to prevent ruinous competition, and asking that powers be sought from Parliament to enable the Companies to settle all disputes by arbitration.

A correspondent of the Times, who has a good official experience of the feelings of the Chinese, has strong apprehensions that if the payment of the war indemnity, which is rumored to have been fixed at three millions two hundred thousand pounds for England, and one million two hundred thousand pounds for France, is allowed to be left dependent on the collection of the customs at Canton, not only will its receipt be "problematical," but there will be a constant recurrence of disputes.

The forcible abduction by the Roman Inquisition of a Jewish child at Bologna, under the pretence of its having been secretly baptized by its Catholic nurse, had created a most painful sensation throughout the Jewish world.

The Jews of London have taken the matter up, to enlist the sympathy of the English Government, and if need be, send a deputation to the Pope.

France.—The monthly Bank returns show an increase of cash in hand in Paris of 22,500,000 francs, and in the branch Banks of 10,000,000 francs. The accumulation of precious metals in the Bank of France is the largest ever known; and upwards of £600,000 in Australian gold is now off the English coast, and will be sent into the Bank of England.

The Times's correspondent is assured that the French Government have decided to apply free trade to Algeria, and that all the ports on that coast are to be declared free.

Morphy, the American chess-player, was beaten by Harrwitz in their first trial, after three hours' play in Paris.

The French press has been interdicted from publishing any portion of the will of the Duchess of Orleans. The Paris Presse had published it, minus its political passages.

The Emperor and Court continue at Biarritz.

The Paris Presse speaks of the necessity which exists for France to lay down a telegraph to the United States, if she wishes to maintain undiminished her present commercial relations with the American continent. It declares France is now too dependent on England for her communications with America.

Spain.—The Madrid journals say that the decree for the dissolution of the Cortes has been recently signed.

Austria.—At Vienna, Austrian paper currency had recovered to its par value.

The letter addressed by the Emperor of Austria to Victoria upon her visit to Germany, is said to have produced a very agreeable impression, and to have greatly pleased the Royal family of Prussia.

At Berlin, the letter is thought likely to lead to a better understanding between the Prussian and Austrian Courts.

Vienna advices say that the Emperor has ratified the Convention recently signed by the Paris Conference for the new organization of the Danubian principalities.

It was said to be definitely settled that a submarine telegraph should be constructed from Magusa to Alexandria.

It was rumored that the Pope intended to visit the Holy Land.

Negotiations were going on between Rome and Russia, for settling the religious situation of the Kingdom of Poland.

Russia.—Additional details of the great fire at Astracan, state that 120 houses were burned, with 11 quays, and a great number of boats and other vessels. A large number of lives were also lost.

The Emperor has ordered the foundation of a new town on the confluence of the See and Amoor rivers.

A despatch from St. Petersburg reports a reaction in the tallow market. After the speculative rise which has lately prevailed, the tendency of prices had fallen.

Hundreds of houses had been burned at Moscow by clandestine makers of lucifer matches.

A peat bog was set on fire by the unusual heat of the sun.

The report that the port of Villa Franca is ceded to Russia for a term of years, is confirmed. Russia has now accomplished her object, of having a naval station in the Mediterranean. It will consist of one ship of the line and three frigates.

Montenegro.—The Austrian Gazette says, that it is reported in Montenegro that the eldest son of Merko Pertrovitch, Prince Danel's brother, is to take the reins of government, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Porte, and to have a seaport. An armistice is concluded until the 31st of December next between the Porte and Montenegro.

India.—Maun Singh, who was besieged in the fortress of Shahjwir by a large body of rebels, has been relieved by General Grant, whose column is now at Fyzabad, where it had been joined by Manning and his troops.

General Robertson having come up with the rebels near Katured, totally defeated them, capturing four guns. The loss of the enemy in killed was very severe.

China.—Hon. F. Bruce arrived by the Nemesis and proceeded to Malta. He is bearer of the treaty with the Chinese Plenipotentiaries, which was concluded on the 26th of June. It was subsequently forwarded to the Emperor, and received his approval. The following are some of its stipulations:—Christianity tolerated throughout the empire, and persons teaching or possessing that religion, whether Protestant or Roman Catholics, to be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities. Diplomatic agents may reside permanently at Pekin. British agents are protected against excessive transit duties. The tariff is to be revised. Several new ports are to be opened to trade, and the first navigation of the Yang Tse Kiang is declared. British subjects may travel for pleasure or trade to all parts of the Empire, when provided with passports from the British authorities. The governments to act in concert for the suppression of piracy. Indemnity for the losses sustained by British subjects at Canton to be paid.

The Lady Canning arrived at Suez yesterday from Yombo, with the Moorish Princes, who were pillaged on their way back from Medina, having to pay a heavy ransom for their release.

At Canton disturbances and bloodshed continued.

A letter from China says the indemnity to England is £3,200,000, and to France £1,200,000.

Turkey.—The religious fanaticism continues. At Aleppo, for many days the Musselmans armed themselves, and parts of the city were destroyed.

A similar panic prevailed at Tripoli, which was dissipated by the arrival of a man-of-war.

It is rumored that the Consuls of France, Austria, United States, and Greece, at Hanchi, had been assassinated. An authentic contradiction of this report is said to have reached the French Government.

Commercial, Sept. 10.—The Cotton market closed buoyant, with an advance of ⅛d, chiefly on fair and middling qualities. The Manchester advices continue to be favorable, and prices have an advancing tendency.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market, Sept. 10.—The market is steady, with an average business, but no quotable change. The weather has been unfavorable for the harvesting of the crops, but had no effect on the market. The Brokers' circular quotes an advance for the week in Flour 1s, and on Corn 6d@1s for choice lots for feeding. Other circulars quote Flour steady, Wheat active, Corn firm at 33@34s for yellow.

Liverpool Provision Market, Sept. 10.—The market closed steady; Beef steady; Pork without change; no American offering; Bacon firm, particularly for fine sorts. Lard quiet.

Liverpool Produce Market, Sept. 10.—Bark quiet; Philadelphia 9s 6d, Baltimore 7s; Linseed Oil active at 33@34s. Sugar quiet at a decline of 6d@1s. Rice quiet. Rosin steady at 4s 6d for common, and 10s for fine. Spirits of Turpentine 36@38s; Crude 10@10s 3d.

London Money Market.—Consols closed at 97 for cash, and 97¼ for account. Money was generally unchanged, but abundant. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £242,000. American securities were generally unchanged.

The market for Breadstuffs closed firm.

☞ An Ill-Timed Prayer.—Last summer, at Mull, a messenger having requested a London clergyman to announce "If Dr. —— was among the audience, he was urgently wanted;" the clergyman added from sympathy, "and may God have mercy on the poor patient!" The doctor, in a rage, demanded and received an humble apology.—*Colpihgen's Salmon Casts.*

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own
tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no other agent. —*Shakspeare.*

☞ The Forensic "We."—Barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the Western circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the tap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house, in a state of intoxication."

☞ A Novel Arrest.—A sheriff's officer in Norwich, made the following return, lately: "Then and there, by virtue, &c., I arrested the body of the within named Quinlan, 40 *feet high, on a white oak tree,* in said Norwich;" and one of the items of fees, as allowed by the Court, we find reads: "Paid assistance to climb tree and bring prisoner down, &c."

☞ Much has been said about feats of strength, but it is an actual fact that a few days ago, a man of but ordinary statgre, knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.

☞ How to Learn all Your Defects.—Quarrel with your best friend.—*Punch.*

THAT terriblest of virtue, Truthfulness;
That pure, high constancy which flies right on,
As swerveless as a bullet to its mark.
—*Alex. Smith.*

☞ Jerrold at a party noticed a doctor in solemn black waltzing with a young lady, who was dressed in a silk of brilliant blue. "As I live," said Jerrold, "there's a blue pill dancing with a black draught!"

DARKLY we move, we tread upon the brink
Of near but unseen worlds, and know it not.
Yes, it is true, that nearer than we think,
Are those whom Death has parted from our lot
Fearfully, wondrously our souls are made,
Let us walk humbly then, but undismayed.
—*Anon.*

☞ A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

DESOLATION is a delicate thing;
It walks not on the earth, it moves not on the air;
But treads with silent footstep and fans with silent
wing
The tender hopes, which in their hearts, the best
and gentlest bear. —*Shelley.*

☞ It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, provisions are so high, that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

☞ The most conceited people, undoubtedly, as a class, are your Organ Grinders. Continually "giving themselves airs."

☞ Sheridan being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready for business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may take the *chair?*"

☞ As we must account for every idle word, so we must likewise for every idle silence.

☞ A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated her. "Oh, you are a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," replied he. "I'm a jeweller—I have just set the jewel." Could there have been anything more gallant than that?

☞ The art of distilling brandy, and other spirits, was first brought into Europe by the Moors, who had it from the Egyptians; and these are said to have practised it in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, though unknown to the ancient Greeks.

☞ Insults are counterfeit money; we can't help their being offered, but we needn't take them.

☞ Usefulness of Mirth.—There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. Oh, we need it—we need all the counter-weights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?—*Haliburton.*

THE VANITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

They course the glass, and let it take no rest;
They pass and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
They joyous are of every sight they see:
They strive to seem, but never care to be.
—*George Gascoigne,* 1600.

☞ It would seem that the citizens of Milwaukee are the most law-abiding people in the world. One of them being asked why so many people were drowned in their river, replied that it was on account of an ordinance of the city which forbids swimming in the city limits. When one of them slipped in he recalled the ordinance at once, and rather than violate it, went cheerfully to the bottom without a struggle.

AN idler's like a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands.
—*Penrose.*

☞ If a hundred people are running a race, you cannot expect to win the prize by walking. The moral of which remark is the well-authenticated fact that the greatest men have always been the greatest workers. It is not simply a hundred you are contending with. Whatever the Course of Life, where there is a prize worth striving for, there are zealous tens of thousands arrayed against you.—*Spirit of the Times.*

☞ Miss Edgeworth relates that a little girl, hearing in conversation the name of one famous man after another brought forward with admiration, crept up to mamma, and whispered, "Do those *mens* do everything better than *wes?*" The answer to the little champion of her sex, is of a two-fold character. All that is within human grasp must be divided into that which most men can do better than women, and that which most women can do better than men.—*Athenæum.*

☞ When the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to old England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman who had for some years served in the admiral's ship seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, "Hang me, old boy, if you are not in better *spirits* than any of us!"

☞ Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you only flatter one or two, you affront the rest.—*Virian.*

The Grave of Franklin.—The workmen are now employed taking down about 17 feet of the Arch street wall of the grave-yard at Arch and Fifth, for which will be substituted a new style of railing of plain pattern, 7 feet 6 inches in height, made by Wood & Perot. The railing will be surmounted by a tablet, bearing an appropriate inscription. The marble work will be furnished by John Rice, Esq. The tomb is located 18 feet east of the wall on Fifth street, and but 4 inches south of the opening on Arch street, and will remain as at present, and from its proximity to the railing can be seen without inconvenience when finished. Near the grave of Franklin stands the headstone of his son Francis, bearing the following inscription:—"Francis F., son of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, deceased, November 21, 1736, aged 4 years, 1 month and 1 day. The delight of all that knew him." The expenses attending the alterations will be paid by voluntary contributions made by citizens. Franklin forbade in his will the erection of a monument over his grave.

Livingstone's African Expedition.—The Liverpool Mercury has the following intelligence regarding this expedition."

"Mr. J. Aspinwall Turner, M. P. for Manchester, has received a long letter from Dr. Livingstone, a few extracts from which are published in the Manchester Guardian. After stating that the expeditionary party have had a prosperous voyage ever since they left Liverpool, and that after a good deal of exploration they are now threading their way up the Zambesi, the Doctor says:—'Near the mouth of the branch Kongone, my brother stumbled on cotton, growing in a deserted native garden, which does not adhere to the seed, as that I saw up the river, and the pile or staple is longer than the Angola cotton. I enclose a specimen.' [Mr. Turner says it is very beautiful, clean cotton, value about 8d per lb.] Dr. Livingstone adds that he is distributing Sea Island seed to different persons on the delta, and they express perfect willingness to cultivate it for sale."

The Rumored Steamship.—Further advices make it almost certain that the Austria is the ill-fated vessel—and the Insurance Companies give her up. There were probably 550 persons on board.

The propeller Alps must have been in the neighborhood about the time of the fire, and the hope is indulged in that she took off the passengers.

The probability is that all the lives were saved. The Austria had on board eight of Francis' metallic life boats, which would each hold fifty persons. She also had three or four ship launches.

Ebenezer Francis, the money king of Boston, died at his residence on Tuesday. He was a native of Beverly, son of a lawyer of that town, and died at the age of eighty-three. He went to Boston a poor boy, and entered the employ of a dry goods dealer on Cornhill, and afterwards did business on Long wharf. He was at one time president of the Suffolk bank, and also treasurer of Harvard college, in which institution he has left a legacy of $50,000. His estate is valued at from four to six million dollars, two millions three hundred thousand of which is now on deposit in the banks of Boston; most of this will go to his two daughters, Mrs. Nathaniel J. Bowditch and Mrs. Robert M. Mason. The poor die, and also the rich—both alike return unto dust.

NEWS ITEMS.

The fire department of St. Louis advertise all their hand fire-engines for sale, they having abandoned their use entirely for steam fire-engines. What a chance for the New Yorkers!

On the arrival of a train at Chicago, from Detroit, the other evening, the crowd of people about the depot were greatly astonished to see a man, or the semblance of one, covered with a thick coating of dust, emerge from *beneath* one of the passenger cars. Scraping the dirt out of his eyes, he gazed about with a wild, bewildering look. To the questions that were put to him, he stated that he had ridden from Michigan City to Chicago *on the truck, beneath the floor of the cars!*

Faraday called attention, some years ago, to the fact that two surfaces of ice at melting point will freeze together when placed in contact. This will happen in the sunshine, and even under hot water. Hence, if ice be crushed or broken, and sufficient pressure applied to bring the surfaces of the separate fragments into contact, they will freeze together again into a perfectly solid mass.

From Utah.—Brigham Young still remains confined in his house, although it is supposed no harm would be done him. Everything was peaceable between the Gentiles and Saints, though the latter still keep strict guard upon their women. The troops at Camp Floid were all well. General Johnston intends wintering there, and the men are now engaged in building suitable huts. The Indians were quiet.

Great excitement exists at Lawrence, Kansas, and along the route, in regard to the Pike's Peak Gold Mines, which are said to be as rich as those of California. Companies are leaving the borders nearly every day for the diggings. Some returned gold hunters have reached Wyandotte, Kansas, bringing, in all, $10,000 in gold. One man had $6,000, the results of a few weeks' work.

The Latin Language Proscribed.—An ukase has been promulgated prohibiting the teaching of the Latin language in all the colleges of the Russian empire. The hours hitherto devoted to that study will be devoted to other pursuits.

The New Orleans Picayune says the invention of George G. Henry, of Mobile, by which cotton yarns are made directly from the gin, has been successfully tried on several Mississippi plantations.

The Vintage in France.—All the accounts from France concur in stating that the grape disease is passing very lightly over the vineyards, and that there will be an early and abundant vintage. In confirmation of this it is stated that empty casks are selling throughout the vine-growing region at exorbitantly high prices. The fine appearance of the vineyards, and the immense stock in the bonded stores of Paris have paralyzed the efforts of the speculators for a rise in prices.

Knitting Machine.—A knitting machine has just been invented by a genius in Seneca county, and it is claimed that it will knit a perfect stocking in less than five minutes.

The Missing Aeronaut.—Detroit, Sept. 21.—The balloon that carried off Mr. Thurston, the aeronaut on Thursday, came down four hours afterward, near Baptist Creek, Canada West. Mr. Thurston was seen upon it a short time before it was secured, and he probably fell off when over the marshes near Lake St. Clair. A search is being made for his remains. The affair has caused great excitement throughout the country. Another account says that as the valve board was torn out the balloon, probably by his weight, he doubtless fell soon after starting.

Took the Back Track.—A short time ago, a party of twenty-six persons started from Milwaukie, Wis., for Fraser River, by the overland route, in hopes of being the first to reach the reported gold mines. The party got some ten days' journey into the wilderness—came *pretty near famishing* with hunger and fatigue—narrowly escaped being scalped by the Indians, and at last got back to Milwaukie safe, and have concluded to earn gold in the usual way.

A Curiosity.—We were shown, yesterday, at the office of David Mumma, Jr., Esq., a grape-vine scarcely four feet high, not quite two years old, and raised in a box not one foot square, from which were pendant no less than *sixteen bunches* of fine Isabella grapes. The vine is really a curiosity, and will be exhibited at the Fair. It was grown by George M. Folger, Esq., of Middletown, and presented by him to the present owner.—*Patriot and Union.*

A Fortune.—By the death of Mr. Hobson, of Calcutta, a youth, now in the employ of a printer at the West End, is suddenly put in possession of more than $7,500,000. It is said the young man had no previous knowledge of his relation, except as having once heard his mother say she had a brother in India.—*London Court Circular.*

Three Comets Visible.—The three comets now visible rise and set as follows: *Donati's*—In the constellation Ursa Major—Rises—3h. 16m. A. M., N. E. by North. Sets—8h. 44m. P. M., N. W. by North. *Encke's*—In the constellation Cancer—Rises—1h. 07m. A. M., North-East. Sets—5h. 17m. P. M., North-West. *Tuttle's*—In the constellation Perseus. This Comet has just come within the circle of perpetual apparition, and therefore does not set to us. It is on the meridian, above the Pole, at 3h. 34m. in the morning.

A ship, just arrived at Halifax, brings intelligence of the burning at sea of a large red bottomed steamer. She is supposed to have been the Austria, which left Southampton September 4th, for New York, or the British steamer Alps, which sailed from New York on Sunday, the 5th inst., for Liverpool. All the passengers are believed to have been saved.

The Power of Eloquence.—It is stated that the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, lectured so powerfully in Webster a few days ago against the use of tobacco, that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths.

Dred Scott.—This rather celebrated personage, who died in St. Louis, on Friday last, was a victim to consumption. Dred was free for some time prior to his death, having been manumitted by his owner, the Hon. Mr. Chaffee, a Republican member of Congress from Massachusetts, not long after the decision rendered in his case before the United States Supreme Court.

An Aged Horse.—Daniel Goodall, of Ecorse, Michigan, says the Spirit of the Times, owns a pony mare, formerly gray, but now white, who was thirty-four years old last spring, and has produced twenty-six foals. This mare has never known the luxury of a stable, nor the aid of a scythe in procuring her food: cropping with her teeth for a living, summer and winter, and now presents the appearance of six or eight years of age. She is fat and healthy, and as active and spry as any colt, and was daily expected to drop her twenty-seventh foal.

Water Spouts in Hungary.—The late European papers, state that quite recently a water spout broke near the village of Kosslad, district of Widden, and killed 400 horses or oxen, also several persons. They add that another water spout, at Ternowa, in the same district, threw down houses and crushed as many as 400 persons; and that a third, at Plewna, drowned 130 persons: but these two last statements, says the Breslau Gazette, require confirmation.

A Large Tax Payer.—On Tuesday last, says the New York Tribune, William B. Astor paid his tax, amounting to $85,000, to the Recorder; $25,000 on personal property, and $60,000 on real estate! We'd like to pay just as much.

A Hanover paper tells the world that the "silly prejudice against horse flesh" has altogether vanished in Denmark and Northern Germany, and that, in the city of Hanover alone, in the course of Whitsunweek, about two thousand pounds of horse flesh were consumed. The number of horses slaughtered for eating in that city is between two and three hundred a year.

A Flat Contradiction.—The Catholic Herald and Visiter denies the truth of a statement now going the rounds of the press, to the effect that 507 Austrian priests had memorialized the Archbishop of Vienna, in favor of the abolition of the celibacy of priests, &c., and asserts that the whole affair is a "weak invention of the enemy," manufactured at this side of the Atlantic, without even a foundation in any European journal. The article first appeared in the New York Post of the 16th ult.

What England Pays in One Year for Manure.—It is estimated that England pays annually three hundred millions of dollars for manure, more than the entire commerce of that country. The total value of a year's crop has been reported to Parliament, some time ago, as being about three thousand millions of dollars—the crop includes the animal as well as the vegetable. The turnip crop has been estimated in that kingdom to be worth fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

Lord's Day not Sabbath.—In all Roman Catholic countries the first day is called the Lord's Day (Dominica,) and the seventh the Sabbath (Sabbate.) This seems certainly to be the correct designation. Can your readers tell me why so many pertinaciously call the Lord's Day by the Jewish name Sabbath, and when it first became the practice?—*Notes and Queries.* [Hume says that the practice arose amongst the English Puritans in the reign of Charles I., and was part of their general affectation of Judaistic forms of speech.]

What Imposition on the Poor Indian Next?—The Bangor Democrat is responsible for the following:—"A deaf mute in our office, upon reading in an exchange the statement that the squaws of the Penobscot tribe had adopted the fashion of wearing hoops of the largest dimensions, wrote upon a slate as follows: 'What are the white men not responsible for? First, they take the land of the poor Indians, give them the small-pox and whiskey, and teach them to swear, and then, to make their disgrace complete, they give them hoops.'"

Expedition to the River Niger.—The Chatham Planet learns that the Association for the Colored People of Canada and the United States, Mr. W. H. Day, President, co-operating with an organization in Wisconsin, have concluded to accept the openings just now appearing for the probable benefit of Africa, and of the colored people generally, by commissioning an exploring party to the valley of the Niger. They contemplate founding a colony.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been very dull during the past week, and with increased receipts and a very limited inquiry, both for export and home consumption, prices have favored buyers. At the close, however, there was a rather better feeling. The sales of the week amount to 8000 barrels at $5,37½@5,50 ℘ barrel for fresh ground superfine; $5,87½@$6 for Extra; $6@6,50 for Extra Family; $5,83 for half barrels, and $3,75 for middlings. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the same range. The receipts and stocks of Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been trifling. Sales of 150 bbls of the former and 200 bbls of the latter at $4 ℘ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been less Wheat coming forward, and with a good demand for milling, holders at the close succeeded in realizing an advance of 3 cents ℘ bus. Sales of 24,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania at $1,20@1,33 for inferior and prime Red, and $1,30@1,40 for White, including some Kentucky at the latter figure. Rye has been unsettled, and 2,000 bus sold at 70 up to 85c. Corn was in demand at an advance of 3 cents early in the week, but at the close the market was dull and part of the decline was lost. About 16,000 bus of Yellow sold at 92@95c, and some White at 90c. Oats have been in fair request and about 10,000 bushels sold at 43c for new Illinois; 44c for Pennsylvania and 50c for old Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little inquiry for any description, but with continued light receipts and light stocks prices have been steadily maintained. Mess Pork sells, in lots as wanted, at $18@18,25, and Prime at $15@15,50 ℘ bbl, but of the latter the market is bare. City packed Mess Beef sells at $16@16,50, cash. There is little or no Prime Beef offering. Bacon is unchanged, the receipts and stocks being light and prices steady. Sales of 150 casks plain Hams at 10½@11c; canvassed do at 11½@13c; Sides at 9c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c ℘ lb, cash and 60 days. In Green Salted Meats no change. Shoulders sold in a small way at 6½c, on time, and Hams at 8½c. Lard—There is but little offering, and but little demand for it. Sales of barrels at 12 cents; 50 tierces at 11½c, and kegs at 13c. Butter—There has been rather more inquiry. Sales of Solid Packed at 11½@13c, and Roll at 13@16c ℘ lb.

COTTON—There has been a good inquiry, and with trifling receipts and a very small stock, holders have put up their prices ½ cent. Sales of 870 bales at 10½@14½c ℘ lb cash, for ordinary and middling fair Upland, and 12½@13½c for New Orleans.

BARK—There is a fair inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of 130 hhds No. 1 were made at $30 ℘ ton. Tanners' Bark comes forward slowly. In the absence of sales we quote Chestnut at $11@11,50, and Spanish Oak at $13 ℘ cord.

BEESWAX is scarce. Good Yellow commands 31c ℘ lb, cash.

COAL—There is very little demand either for shipment or home consumption, but the receipts are quite moderate, and prices remain without change. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market is firm, and there has been a fair inquiry. Sales of 3000 bags at 10½@12c; 813 bags do by auction, at 10½@11½c—averaging $10,62; and 300 bags Laguayra at 12c ℘ lb, on time.

FEATHERS—There are very few here. Good Western are worth 50c ℘ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit comes forward slowly. Green Apples range from $2 to 4,50 ℘ bbl. Dried Apples command 7½@8c.

HEMP is quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES are unchanged. No sales worthy of notice.

HOPS continue to meet a very limited inquiry. Small sales of old crop at 10@13c ℘ lb. New comes forward slowly and are held at 20c.

IRON—There is very little demand for Pig Metal, and the sales have been confined to a few small lots of [illegible]thracite at $20, $21 and $19 ℘ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig Iron. A sale of Blooms at $60, 6 mos. For Bar and Boiler Iron there is rather more inquiry, but without change in prices.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Metal continues small, and prices are firm. About 1000 pigs Virginia sold at 5½c on time, interest added.

LEATHER—The better grades of Spanish Sole and Slaughter are in demand, but other kinds are neglected.

LUMBER continues very dull—there being but little demand for any description. A cargo of Delaware Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $14 ℘ M feet. Laths range from $1,20 to $1,25.

MOLASSES—The absence of supplies continue to restrict operations, and the only transactions reported are small lots of Cuba at 30c, and some Syrup at 39@40c.

SEEDS—There is a fair inquiry for Cloverseed, and but little offering. Sales of 1000 bus old at $5,50, and new at $5,75 ℘ 64 lbs. Timothy is selling freely at $2@2,25, and Flaxseed at $1,70 ℘ bus.

SUGAR—The market continues very firm, and there is a fair inquiry. Sales of 1500 hhds; Cuba at 7@8½c, and Porto Rico at 7½@8½c ℘ lb, on time. 200 boxes Brown brought 7½c.

SPIRITS—In Brandy no change. Sales of Bolton's Gin at $1,10, on time. N E Rum sells as wanted at 37@38c. Whiskey is firmer. Sales of 500 bbls Ohio at 24½c; Penna at 24c, hhds at 23c, and drudge at 22@22½c.

TALLOW is scarce, and firm at 10½c for City Rendered, and 9½@9½c ℘ lb, cash, for Country.

TOBACCO—There is a steady inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured, and prices are advancing.

WOOL—There has been an active trade doing at full prices. The receipts are now very small, and the stocks quite moderate for the season. About 600,000 lbs have been disposed of, chiefly to go out of the market, including 350,000 lbs on private terms, and the balance from 32c for No 1 Pulled, up to 52½c ℘ lb, cash, for fine.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

A CARD.

To the Associate Press:

NEW YORK, Friday evening, Sept. 24, 1858.

Accompanying this I beg to hand you copies of recent communications from the honorary Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company and myself to Mr. De Santy, the Chief Electrician at the Trinity Bay office. Mr. De Santy's answers will be furnished for publication without unnecessary delay.

I deem it proper to state as the result of my inquiries concerning the dispatch of Thursday from Trinity Bay, announcing the resumption of perfect signals through the cable from Valentia, that the announcement was made through a dispatch from the Superintendent of the land lines in Newfoundland to the Agent of the Associated Press, and was unquestionably reported in good faith; but as the information has not yet been confirmed by Mr. De Santy, who alone has full knowledge of all the facts, I regard the statement as possibly premature. It is conjectured that the shore end of the cable at Valentia must be taken up for a distance of several miles, which, by reason of bad weather or other unavoidable difficulties, may occupy three or four weeks. The depth of water within 200 miles of the Irish coast ranges from about 50 to 400 fathoms, and it is not doubted that even 250 miles of the cable could be raised if deemed necessary.

Respectfully, &c.,
CYRUS W. FIELD.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1858—10, A. M.

C. V. DE SANTY, Trinity Bay: Great dissatisfaction exists in this country with the reserve maintained at Trinity Bay, in contrast with the frank communications from Valentia to the British public. Give us daily information of the state of the telegraph under your charge.

PETER COOPER, CYRUS W. FIELD,
WILSON G. HUNT, E. M. ARCHIBALD,
WATTS SHERMAN.

Taken to the office of the other honorary Directors in New York, but they could not be seen; hence the absence of their signatures.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1858—12 M.

TO DE SANTY, Trinity Bay, N. F. Dispatches from you and Mackay are contradictory. Now please give me explicit answers to the following inquiries:

First: Are you now, or have you been within three days, receiving distinct signals from Valentia?

Second: Can you send a message, long or short, to the Directors at London?

Third: If you answer No to the above, please tell me if the electrical manifestations have varied essentially since the 1st of September?

CYRUS W. FIELD.

TRINITY BAY, N. F., Friday, Sept. 24, 1858.

C. W. FIELD, New York. We have received nothing intelligible from Valentia since the 1st of September, excepting feeling a few signals yesterday. I cannot send anything to Valentia. There has been very little variation in the electrical manifestations. DE SANTY.

TRINITY BAY, N. F., Sept. 25.—C. W. Field, New York.—Your message has been received. The day before yesterday, I commenced receiving a current from Valentia, and was in hopes that I should be at work soon after. I informed Mr. Mackay. Then the current failed. This will explain the discrepancy between his and my messages. C. V. DE SANTY.

TRINITY BAY, N. F., Sept. 25.—To Peter Cooper, C. W. Field, W. G. Hunt, and E. M. Archibald, New York: I have not the least wish to withhold particulars as to the working of the cable, and until I have communicated with head-quarters, and ascertained the directions of the managers of the company, I will send a daily report of the proceedings.

We were not working to-day, but receiving occasionally from Valentia some weak reversals of current, which, when received, are unintelligible. C. V. DE SANTY.

AN INVOLUNTARY BALLOON RIDE.—On Friday last there was a balloon ascension from the State Fair grounds at Centralia, Illinois, and in a couple of hours the æronant descended, and fastening his balloon to a fence, went into a house about 10 miles southeast of Centralia, to procure refreshments. Meanwhile two little boys, aged 8 and 4 years, got into the car and loosened the rope, when the balloon rapidly ascended and soon disappeared. The young æronauts have not, as yet, been heard from.

But on Saturday morning the balloon was discovered in a tree top, about ten miles from the starting point. The children were found safe. The girl said that her brother complained of being cold, and she laid him down in the car, and covered him with her apron, and he went to sleep, but she did not sleep at all.

The anchor of the balloon was out and caught in a tree top, and she found by pulling on the anchorage that she could pull the balloon down; but the tree was dead and it soon broke loose. The anchor then caught in a green tree, and she pulled the balloon down and fastened it to the branches, where it held until morning, which was then not far off.

THE QUEEN.—At Liverpool, at Manchester, and at Birmingham the people turned out in hundreds of thousands to greet her, though they don't quite understand how a queen can dress so simply as her Majesty does at these celebrations. "Eh!" said a Lancashire woman to me, at Manchester, when I pointed out at her request her Majesty, as she proceeded to Peel Park in an open barouche, "Eh, ye call yon the queen! Eh, good save us! O'ive seen mony a foctory wench look more like a queen than yon." The woman confessed she expected to see her Majesty "wi' crown on head an' ball an' sceptre in hond, an' gold cloak roond shoulthers loike we see at fears." The lady meant the gingerbread queens, all gold faced, sold at the cake booths during fair time.—*Corres of Philada. North American.*

A NOVEL WAY TO CURE THE TOOTHACHE.—One day last week one of the colored barbers at South Boston was visited by a young and respectable-looking white woman, who informed the tonsorial operator that she was suffering with a severe toothache, and that she desired his assistance to cure it. The dark complexioned individual rolled up his eyes in wild astonishment, and desired to know how he could relieve her. "Why," said the woman, with an attempt at a blush, "I'm told that a negro's kiss will cure the toothache, and I want you to try it." "I did try it," the barber said in relating the story, "I kiss her lips two, tree times, and den she go away and no come back and say whedder I cure her. Yah! yah! I like more of de same kind of patients."

☞ Why is a pic-nic like a perfidious reptile? Because it is a snake (*snack*) in the grass!!!—*Punch.*

☞ He alone is an acute observer, who observes closely without being observed.—*Lavater.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 25.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is firm; sales of 8,500 bbls. Wheat firm, excepting common, which is heavy; sales of 25,000 bus at $1,18@1,26 for Red and $1,33@1,50 for White. 80c for damaged Chicago Spring, $1,04 for sound Milwaukie Club, and $1,21 for Western Red. Corn buoyant; 28,000 bushels sold at 72@76c for Mixed. Pork is heavy at $14,90@15 for Prime. Lard dull at 11¼@11½c. Sugar heavy.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	11	11	11	11
Middling	13¼	13¼	13½	13¾
Md'ng fair	13¾	13¾	14	14

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

NEWS ITEMS.

As the gold region recently discovered west of Kansas is deemed a paradise by the Indians and the hunters and trappers, it is reasonable to suppose that there will be a conflict between them and the gold-hunting column. Fortunately there are large bodies of United States troops in that direction.

ENGLISH VISITORS TO THE UNITED STATES.—Among the passengers arrived at New York in the Persia, is Mr. Charles Caird, member of Parliament from Dartmouth, the well known statistician of British agriculture. This is Mr. C.'s first visit to the United States, and we understand that he proceeds at once on a tour through the great wheat and corn growing districts of the northwest. Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne, the commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, arrived in the same steamer.

DOWN ON TEXAS CATTLE.—The citizens of Vernon county, Missouri, have resolved in a public meeting, that they will not permit cattle from Texas to be driven through their county. They declare in their resolutions that Southern cattle communicate to those of Missouri a disease known as Spanish or Texas fever, which is very malignant, and has caused the death of great numbers of native cattle in Vernon county.

SUGAR IN FLORIDA.—An Alabama paper says that some of the sugar planters of Louisiana are turning their attention to that part of Florida from which the Indians have lately been removed. It is now thought that in a few years not only will sugar become one of its principal productions, but that coffee will be successfully cultivated.

THE German capitalists, interested in the bonds of the Erie Railroad, are said to be preparing to enforce their claims by process of law.

A WHOLE TOWN REFORMED.—The town of Troy, Mo., has been long noted for its abounding wickedness and drunkenness. Gambling, fighting, and Sabbath breaking, had held undisputed sway, until the first Sunday in last May, when a protracted meeting was commenced in a Presbyterian church, which resulted in the hopeful conversion of nearly 70 persons, including some of the most hardened characters in the place.

THE Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at their recent session at Millersburg, ratified, by a vote of 36 against 24, the action of the General Conference in Nashville, in expunging the rule against the "buying and selling of men, women and children."

THE HOOPS.—The last quarterly conference of Rumley Station, Miami Annual Conference, have adopted the following resolution, and they humbly ask their dear sisters, and ladies generally, to give this matter a serious consideration:—

"*Resolved*, That we, as a quarterly conference, disapprove of the wearing of hoops by members of our Church.

"R. GRATBELL, *Sec'y.*"

☞ The ink of the learned, like the blood of the martyrs, is sacred in the eyes of heaven.—*Mohammedan Proverb.*

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ⅌ ℔	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ⅌ ℔	9 a10
Sirloin steak	10	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a12	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ⅌ ℔	8
Leg, each	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ⅌ ℔	6 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ⅌ ℔	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh, ℔	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ⅌ set	18¾a25
Chop, ⅌ ℔	10 a12	Tripe, ⅌ ℔	4 a 8
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ⅌ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ⅌ basket	1,25	Do do. ⅌ ℔	6 a 8
New pot's (N J), ⅌ bus	$1,00a1,25	Com pot's, ⅌ bus	85a97
Sweet potatoes ⅌ ℔	6¼	Onions, bus	80
Corn, ⅌ basket	75	Egg plants, each,	12 a16
Cabbages, ⅌ head	8 a10	Tomatoes, ⅌ baskt	37½a50
		Squashes, ⅌ baskt	37½a62½

FRUIT.

Apples, ⅌ bkt	2,00a2,50	Cantelopes	1 a 5
Do ½ pk	25 a31	Watermelons	10 a25
Peaches ⅌ basket	$1a2½	Seckle Pears ⅌ qt pk	50
Do finest	$3 a5		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ⅌ pair	50 a87	Reed Bird ⅌ doz	25 a 75
Chickens, ⅌ pair	75 a1,25	Rail ⅌ doz	40 a 50
Teal ⅌ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ⅌ ℔	10 a12½
		Sqb Pig'ns, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ⅌ bkt	50 a75	N Y do. ⅌ bbl,	10,00 13,00
Do, ⅌ M	12,00a20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ⅌ M	10,00 a12,50	Lobsters, ℔	10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ℔	28 a35	Blue Fish, ℔	12
Roll "	22 a25	Salt do, ℔	11
Eggs, doz	16 a18	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 6	Honey, ℔	20 a25
Halibut, ℔	12½	Smearcase, cake	3

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, September 25, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis
Relief notes	½ dis
Crawford	no sale
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	½ dis
Solv bks	½ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	½ to ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis

GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	1 dis
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Solv bks	1 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	1 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old banks	2 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank. Galveston	5 dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	1 dis

GREAT CURE AFTER THE PHYSICIANS HAD FAILED.

RUSSELLVILLE, Ohio, Jan. 10, 1855.

Dr. C. M. Jackson.—Dear Sir:—"We would inform you that we are out of Hoofland's German Bitters, which are very ready sale. One of our neighbors has been doctoring for some time, (we think about two years, *with all the doctors in the country,*) *but all of no avail.* He looked as much like a dead man going about as anything we can compare him to. His disease appeared to be an *overflowing of the gall.* With hard persuasion we prevailed on him to try your Bitters, with the promise to him, if it did no good, we would charge him nothing for it, provided he took six bottles according to the directions, which he has done, and is now entirely cured, and has become a well man. This cure has created a great sale in this neighborhood."

Respectfully, EDWARDS & BROWN.

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters, and take nothing else. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle. These Bitters are manufactured by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

Written by a lady in New Bedford to her sister in Boston.

"Send in the parcel, two or three bottles of Mr. BURNETT'S *Cocoaine*; it is the best thing I ever used for dressing my hair. I use it only once a week, and my hair is beautiful."

See advertisement of Burnett's Cocoaine in another column.

A GREAT MEDICINE.—No medicine ever offered to the public has met with such universal and signal success as PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. It is a sure cure for all kinds of pain. Try it and thank us for the suggestion. Sold by druggists.

MANY SUFFER, rather than take nauseous medicines. All such who suffer from coughs, and colds, irritation of the bronchial tubes, and tendency to consumption, have in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effectual in removing disease.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS, CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY, and DIARRHŒA, JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM will be found a certain and safe remedy. It has been the standard remedy with hundreds of families for *nearly thirty years*, each year adding to its popularity and usefulness. To every mother we therefore say, keep a bottle of it constantly in your house, as it may thereby be the means of saving the life of some of your family. It is pleasant to the taste, and the youngest children will take it without difficulty. The following certificate is worthy perusal:

HOWARD'S GROVE, Sheboygan Co., Wis.

DR. D. JAYNE—

Some time ago my wife was attacked with Diarrhœa, which continued for three weeks, and during that time she was attended by different physicians, who, with all their skill, could not stop the disease. I had lost all hopes of her recovery, then I happened to think of your Medical Almanac, and after having consulted it, I found that you recommended your Carminative Balsam. After my wife had taken two doses of it she had some relief, and two bottles effected a perfect cure. GODFREY HASSE.

The Carminative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States and Canadas. sr18-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ALEXANDER McDONALD, to Miss ELIZABETH A. BOYD, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., JOHN BLAYLOCK, to Miss ELIZA A. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 27th July, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. WILLIAM E. COOPER, to Miss ELLEN L. MAGRADEY, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. MORDECAI TYLER, of Camden, N. J. to Miss KATE BURGAN, of Paterson, Juniata county, Pa.

On the 5th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW W. HART, to Miss CATHARINE COWDRICK, both of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. JACOB D. BENCKERT, to Miss REBECCA J. JONES, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. WALTER F. WOLFKIELL, to Miss ELLEN ASHTON, both of this city.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. Mr. Davidson, Mr. JAMES EWING, to Miss FRANCES C. MORLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, MARY ELIZA, wife of Ephriam L. Bitter, aged 49 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JOHN G. SCHWARZ, aged 49.

On the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM C. son of Zobediah and Amy Todd, aged 20 years.

At Germantown, on the 21st ultimo, SUSAN H. wife of Wm. Dorsey.

On the 21st ultimo, HANNAH YOUNG, aged 30.

On the 21st ultimo, EUSTENA, wife of W. Sprigs, aged 71 years.

On the 19th ultimo, MARGARET SNYDER, aged 75 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MARTHA JANE, wife of Thos. Walker, aged 27 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. JOHN EDWARDS, Jr. aged 33 years.

On the 18th ultimo, WILLIAM D. ROBERT, aged 66 years.

On the 19th ultimo, JOHN HAMILTON, aged 84.

On the 18th ultimo, ELEANOR F. wife of Chas. Harman, aged 28 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Mr. ALEX. PATTERSON, aged 36 years.

On the 18th ultimo, SAMUEL BEATTY, aged 34.

On the 19th ultimo, Mrs. ANN DARRAGH, aged 62 years.

NERVOUS MAN! CURE YOURSELF! *DR. GERSHOM HUFF*, of Lexington, Ky., recently conductor of the Electro-Therapeutic Institute, Richmond, Va., now of New York city, has made nervous maladies for many years his special study. He will furnish the purchaser of one quart bottle of his "ELECTRIC BALM," (price $2,) ample instructions for its preparation and use, a really successful remedy for all diseases originating in a disordered condition of the nervous system. Address DR. GESHOM HUFF, Empire Water Depot, 410 Broadway, or at his Laboratory, 63 Carmine St., New York. oct2-2t

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

SOMETHING TO DO.—The subscribers will employ agents of either sex in every town and city, in a business which pays from $20 to $28 per week. Send stamp for return postage, for full particulars.
oct2-6t S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages of particulars, gratis.
jly24-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 5 pr ct, 1858		
" " '62	[illegible]	—
" " '67	[illegible]	—
" " '68	[illegible]	—
" 6 " coupon '74	[illegible]	103½
Phila 6 pr ct	98½	99
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "	97	98
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "		
" R R issue	51	51½
" County 6 pr ct		
Penna R R issue	63	—
Penn 6 pr ct	100½	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	96
" 5 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tenn 6 pr ct	90½	92½
" 6 " coupon	77½	79
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	83½	84½
Ohio 6 " 1886	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	94½	—
Virginia 6 "	92½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	82	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	140
Philadelphia	115½	116½
Far & Mec	59	60
Commercial	48	49
N Liberty	52	60
Mechanics	27½	28
Southwark	75	78
P Township	34½	35
Kensington	63	66
Girard	11½	11½
Western	65	70
Man & Mech	27	28
Commerce	45	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	47½	—
Consolidation	24½	26
Commonwealth	23	[illegible]
Corn Exchange	23½	24
Germantown	57	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange "	52	—
Kentucky Ky.	114	117½
Northern "	[illegible]	120
Louisville "	107½	109
Farmers "	[illegible]	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	100	100½
Planters "	100	101
N O Gas Light	125	130
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	14
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1
New Creek	[illegible]	
New Granada		
N America Ins'nce	13½	14
N Liberties Gas	26	—
Southwark & Frankford R R	53	56
Bonds	95	98

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd " "	[illegible]	[illegible]
stock	40½	41½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	88	—
stock	126½	130
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	80½	81
mort 6's '44	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " '86	78	79½
stock	23½	23¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	85½	86
stock	—	[illegible]
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	25	—
6 pr ct loan '60	[illegible]	100½
Ches Val R R 7s	32½	33
Tioga R R 7s	[illegible]	—
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	73	[illegible]
2d "	[illegible]	[illegible]
stock	10½	[illegible]
Catawissa	6½	[illegible]
Beaver Meadow stock	55½	56
preferred 10 pr ct	[illegible]	—
loan	—	—
North Penna R R stock	8	[illegible]
6 pr ct loan	[illegible]	58
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	—	54
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	[illegible]	60
Har and Lan R R stock	58	58½
bonds '83	84	[illegible]
L. Schuylkill R R stock	24½	25
Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
bonds	79	—
Erie R R stock	16½	—
Hudson River R R	27	—
N Y Central "	[illegible]	—
Michigan Central	52½	—
Illinois	[illegible]	—
Michigan Southern	[illegible]	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	68	69½
imp. 6 pr ct	68	70
stock	9	[illegible]
preferred	16½	[illegible]
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	50
mort 6 pr ct	96½	97½
scrip	[illegible]	30½
Morris Canal'd	43	44
preferred	[illegible]	101½
Ches & Del	[illegible]	45
bonds	77½	80
Union	3	5
bonds	25	[illegible]
Sus & Tidewater	—	5
bonds 1878	48½	[illegible]

SIXTEEN YEARS

IN THE

WILDS OF AFRICA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED,

to sell *DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS* during a residence of Sixteen Years in the Wilds of Africa. This is a work of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes among savage beasts and more savage men. Dr. Livingstone was alone and unaided by any white man, travelling with African attendants, among different tribes and nations, all strange to him, and many of them hostile, and altogether forming the most astonishing book of travels the world has ever seen. All our Agents acknowledge it is the most salable book published. The most liberal commission made to Agents, in small or large quantities. For particulars, address

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Copies sent by mail on receipt of the price, $1,25.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From among the hundreds of favorable notices, from the most respectable journals of the country, of our cheap edition of "LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA," we take the following:—

It abounds in descriptions of strange and wonderful scenes, among a people and in a country entirely new to the civilized world; and altogether we regard it as one of the most interesting books issued within the past year.—*Daily Democrat, Paterson, N. J.*

It is emphatically an edition for the people; and, judging from the rapid sale which it is meeting, it is fully appreciated by them.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

The book is having a great run, and will be read by every reading man, woman and child, in this as well as other lands.—*Ashtabula (Ohio) Telegraph.*

The work is finely illustrated, well printed and firmly bound, thus answering in every respect the demand for a popular and cheap edition of the "Journeys and Researches in South Africa." Those of our readers who would have a delightful book for reading at any hour will not be disappointed in this work.—*United States Journal.*

With truth we can say that seldom is presented to the reading public a work containing such a vast amount of solid instruction as the one in question. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and presents that unique appearance of exterior for which Mr. Bradley's publications are noted.—*Family Magazine.*

This interesting work should be in the hands of every one. Its interesting pages of adventures are full of instruction and amusement. Ten thousand copies, it is stated, have been sold in one month.—*Auburn American.*

Dr. Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa appear to great advantage in this edition, which is undoubtedly the edition most acceptable to the reader who reads for practical instruction and amusement.—*Saturday Post.*

The edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by J. W. Bradley, is just what it purports to be. Like all of Mr. Bradley's publications, it is excellently gotten up.—*Tioga Agitator, Pa.*

We can commend the edition of Dr. Livingstone's Travels, published by Bradley, of Philadelphia, as every way worthy of public patronage. Its excellence and its cheapness recommend it over all others.—*Frank Leslie's Magazine.*

CAUTION.—The attention of the Publisher has been called to spurious editions of this work, put forth as "Narratives of Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa." Ours is the only cheap American edition of this great work published, and contains all the important matter of the English edition, which is sold at six dollars.

N. B.—Send for our List of Publications, which includes some of the most popular and salable books published. It is sent free to any part of the United States. sr25-tf

$10 PER DAY. AGENTS WANTED—Local and Travelling, in all the Southern and Western States. A *new* business and a *paying* one. Call, or address for circular,

S. J. BESTOR,
Dealer in Watches and Jewelry,
oct2-tf 33 South 3d St., Philadelphia.

ACCURACY & DURABILITY. THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURED WATCHES.

Warranted superior to the *Imported Watch* of same cost, for Durability and Accuracy of time. Admirably suited for Conductors and Engineers on Railroads, and all others requiring *Correct Time-keepers*, the Watch being stronger made and less liable of being put out of order than any Watch made. Also, ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES, of every description, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the very lowest prices, and sent to any part of the United States. J. LADOMUS,
sr4-6t 618 Market St., corner of Decatur.

ALL THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED with any CHRONIC DISEASE considered incurable, will receive a LETTER giving information which will insure a speedy and permanent cure by sending their name and one stamp (to pre-pay postage) to DR. E. B. FOOTE, the celebrated Chronic Physician, and author of "Medical Common Sense," Saratoga Springs, N. Y. sr18-13t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

TO THE READER!

HAS THE REVIVAL REACHED YOUR PLACE?

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

THE PASTOR'S GIFT;

OR,

CONVERT'S MANUAL,

Embracing an outline of Christian duty. By Rev. A. Joy, A. M., a work which every new convert and all church members must have. It is endorsed by the most distinguished divines of all denominations, and is entirely unsectarian. It is a handsome 12mo volume of 312 pages, with a steel engraving. Price only 75 cents.

READERS

You can do good and be well paid for your time by circulating this work in your section. Our terms to agents are very liberal. For particulars send for our circular. A copy of the work will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of twenty-five three-cent stamps in a letter.

Address WENTWORTH, HEWES & CO.,
Publishers,
oct2-3t 86 Washington St., Boston.

MAGIC LANTERNS of every description—$12, $16, $18, $23—A large assortment of Scriptural, Astronomical and Temperance Slides, beautifully painted; to which we invite the attention of teachers, superintendents of Sunday Schools and public lecturers.

McALLISTER & BROTHER,
728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

McAllister's Priced and Descriptive Catalogue (containing full directions for the use of the Magic Lantern,) sent by mail, free of charge, to all parts of the United States. oct2-2t

NOW READY,

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

FOR OCTOBER.

TERMS.—Three dollars a year, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon receipt of the price the publishers will send the ATLANTIC to any address in the United States, pre-paid. CLUBS.—Five copies for ten dollars, the subscribers paying their own postage.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,
13 Winter Street, Boston.

WM. R. PRINCE, & CO., Flushing, N. Y., will send their Priced Catalogues of Trees and Plants of all kinds to applicants with stamps. 1t

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
jly24-3m 181 William Street, New York.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED.—An Agent in every County, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my Publications, sent on application. Address,

DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
sr4-tf No. 33 S. Third St., Phila., Pa.

HOME SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

NUMBER OF PUPILS LIMITED TO EIGHT.

Persons wishing to find a good home and school for misses, between eight and sixteen years of age, will receive Circulars of this school, upon application to the Principal,
sr25-3t MISS FRANCES W. ALLEN.

ONE OF THE GREATEST DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE.—How to Prevent Weevil from Destroying the Grain; and How to Prevent the Rust. These are great secrets, and every farmer should know them. Send $1 and I will send full particulars by return mail.

Address H. HERTSEL,
1t Shirleysburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

We have now on hand an assortment of the celebrated American Lever Watches. They possess great advantages over the English or Swiss, being less complicated, more durable, and not so liable to get out of order. For keeping time they are unrivalled. Persons in want of a good Watch are invited to call and examine them. Also on hand an assortment of English and Swiss Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.

CASSIDY & BALL,
ja5-tf No. 12 South Second St., Philada.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET, 922 Chestnut St., established by FOWLER, WELLS & CO., is open day and evening for examinations and sale of Books and Journals. Books sent by return of mail at lowest cash prices. Catalogues sent gratis. sr18-3m

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)

ACTON & AYRES,
aug21-eowtf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them. au28-2m

FISHERMEN—If you wish to catch any kind of Fish as fast as you can pull them out, get Gardner's Secret Art for Catching Fish, sent for $1.
oct2-2t N. R. GARDNER, Peace Dale, R. I.

FURNITURE.

PRICES REDUCED.

LARGEST AND MOST SELECT ASSORTMENT

OF

FIRST CLASS CABINET WARE

IN THE UNION,

524 WALNUT STREET,

Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia.

GEORGE J. HENKELS,

my29-6m Formerly of 173 Chestnut Street.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, *July 19*, 1857.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine.)

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contained camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy. Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. POPE.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair dressing in the World*. Prepared by

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
27 Central St., Boston.

For sale by all Druggists. sr4-eow3t

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

ELLIOT & PATTEE procure AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. *Inquiries regarding the novelty and patentability of inventions answered without charge.* Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia. au28-eowtf

SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All investments in First Class Securities. Interest, FIVE PER CENT. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. sr18-26t

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Ninth Annual Session of this Institution will commence on Saturday, the 16th of October, and continue for five months.

For further information apply personally or by letter to E. FUSSELL, M. D., Dean,
sr18-3t 627 Arch St., Philada.

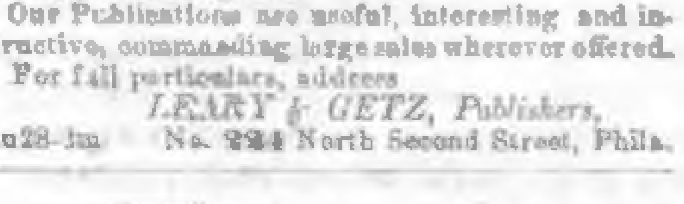
AGENTS WANTED,

In every County in the United States, to sell the VERY BEST BOOKS Published in the the Country. A small capital only is required, and a profit *of from $3 to $5 per day can be realized by industrious*, persevering men.

Our Publications are useful, interesting and instructive, commanding large sales wherever offered.

For full particulars, address

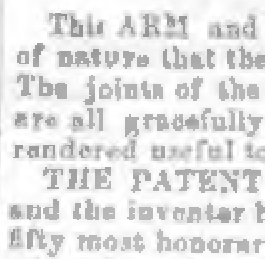
LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
au28-1m No. 224 North Second Street, Phila.



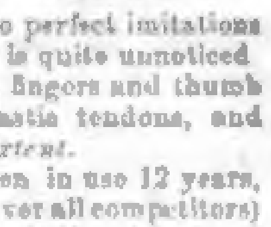
This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent*.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oc10-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.



R. DOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies Wigs, half Wigs, Frisets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. oc31-eowly

MOTHERS!

MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on earth. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful female Physicians in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in millions of cases.

Sure to give immediate relief to infants suffering from wind colic.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by *T. W. DYOTT & SONS*, Philadelphia, and by Druggists throughout the world. au21-1m

Wit and Humor.

BALDWINSVILLE AND THE CABLE.

Artemus Ward, the celebrated showman, has been "pennin'" another characteristic letter to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He was called to attend the Cable Celebration in Baldwinsville, and from his description of the event, we make the following extracts:—

"Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can i forgit the sublime specktical which met my gase as i alited from the stage with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bong fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine-post with the follerin wurds—'Give us Liberty or Deth.' Old Tompkinsis grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—'The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate events of the 19th century—may intestine strife never mar their granjure.' Simpkinsis shoe shop was all ablaze with kandles and lantuns. A Americun Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these wurds, viz—'The Constitooshun must be Presarved.' The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filled with mottoes amung which i notised the follerin—'Trooth smashed to earth shall rise agin—YOU CAN'T STOP HER.' 'The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled.' 'Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time.' 'Be virtoous & you will be Happy.' 'Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trouble—shun the Bole,' and the follerin sentimunt written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige. 'Baldinsville sends greeting to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previous bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parliament, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoices over the gerlorious event which sements 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elecktric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. Quosars TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATIENT NOSTRUM!'"

Artemus discourseth further concerning the illumernashun:

"Doctor Hutchinsis affis was likewise lited up and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of 'Hutchinsis Invigerator,' was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty newspaper offis was also illumernated, and the follerin mottoes stuck out—'The Press is the Arkermejin lever which moves the world.' 'Vote Early.' 'Buckle on your Armer.' 'Now is the time to Subscribe.' 'Franklin, Morse & Field.' 'Terms $1,50 a year—liberal reducshuns to clubs.'"

Grammatical Hints.—Many plans have been proposed for reducing our orthography to some regular system, and improving our language in various ways. We might introduce into our language a distinction of genders—in which it has hitherto been defective. For example—

Hemise and Shemise.

Here, without the use of an article or any change of termination, we have the needful distinction made more conspicuously than by *hic* and *hæc*, *le* and *la*, or other articles serving for no other purpose. Again, in letter-writing, every person knows that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should, therefore, be generally distinguished thus—

Hepistle and Shepistle.

And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes, I would propose

Penmanship and Penwomanship.

Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women, as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines may be divided into

Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs,

so that we should speak of

the heresy of the Quakers,

the Sheresy of Joanna Southcote's people.

The troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is, upon the same principle, to be called according to the sex of the patient.

Hecups or Shecups,

which, upon the principle of making our language truly British, is better than the more classical form of

Hiccups and Hæccups.

In its objective use the word becomes

Hiscups and Hercups;

and in like manner Histerics should be altered into Herterics, the complaint never being masculine.—*The Doctor, by Southey.*

Practical Joking.—"A few days since," writes an attorney, "as I was sitting with Brother D——, in his office in Court Square, a client came in and said,

"'Squire D——, Wiggins, the livery-stable man, shaved me dreadfully, yesterday, and I want to come up with him.'

"'State your case,' says D——.

"Client—'I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Dedhad. He said one dollar and a half. I took the team, and when I came back, I paid him one dollar and a half, and he said he wanted another dollar and a half for coming back, and made me pay it.'

"D—— gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon, as follows:

"He went to the stable keeper and said,

"'How much will you charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Salem?'

"Wiggins replied, 'Five dollars.'

"'Harness him up!'

"Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went to the stable saying,

"'Here is your money,' paying him five dollars.

"'Where is my horse and wagon?'" says Wiggins.

"'He is at Salem,' says client, 'I only hired him to go to Salem.'"

☞ Why is a man paying his note at the bank, like a father going to see his children? Because he meets *his responsibilities!*

Doctors' Degrees.—Some years ago, the University of St. Andrew's, one of the most famous in Scotland, having rather a lean treasury, determined to replenish it by a new branch of commerce, and announced that it would sell its Doctors' Degrees at £20 a-piece. Many took advantage of this liberal offer; and, among the rest, a certain minister, who thought his services would be more acceptable to his flock were he possessed of a handle to his name, put the required sum in his purse, and went up to St. Andrew's to purchase the coveted honor. A man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master, having previously footed the bill, was formally presented with the official parchment. On his return home, the new doctor sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows: "Noo, Sandy, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor: and gin onybody spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll by aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or, the doctor's engaged, or, the doctor will see ye in a crack, as the case may be." "That a' depends," replied Sandy, "on whether ye ca' me the doctor too." The reverend doctor stared. "Aye, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I foond it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma mysel. Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coals;' or, 'doctor, bring me the whiskey.' And gin onybody spiers at ye aboot me, ye'll aye be sure to say, the doctor's in the pantry, or, the doctor's in the stable, or, the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be."—*American Educator.*

Instructions to a Jury.—Judges, in this part of the world, are sometimes far from lucid in their "charges;" and, in reality, quite as foggy, though seldom as truthful, as his honor who addressed the patient twelve at the conclusion of a long trial, somewhere "out west:"

"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant and gave his note for the interest, and that the defendant paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted 'not breachy,' and the warranty was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her, to prevent her jumping the fence, by reason of the poke or yoke, broke her neck and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or beef, then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide the case; for the court, if it understands itself, and it thinks it does, don't know how such a case could be decided."

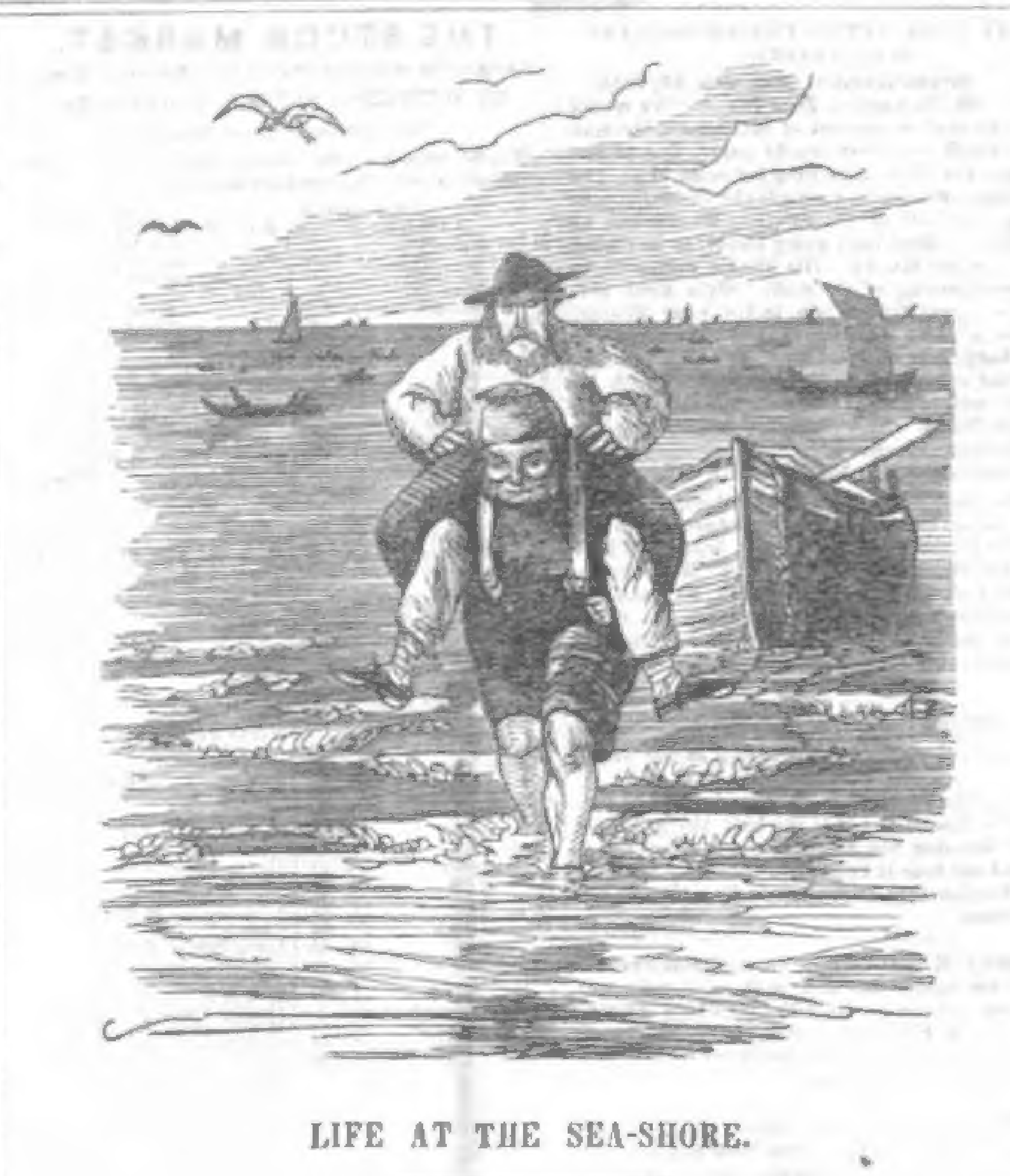
Pretty Good for the Youngster.—A school-ma'am out West tells the following rich incident:—

"She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town, and 'boarded round.' On visiting a 'new place,' on Monday noon, she seated herself with the family round a small pine table, and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork, and roast potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table, a youngster of ten years, exclaimed—

"I know what good victuals is, yes ma'am, I knows what 'tis."

"Do you, indeed!" exclaimed the embarrassed school-ma'am, not knowing what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am! I knows what good victuals is. I've been away from home two times, and eaten lots on 'em."



LIFE AT THE SEA-SHORE.

Distressing position of Charles, who does not feel well, and who is keenly alive to the fact that Amy is looking at him through her opera glass.

Agricultural.

PATENT VS. HOME MADE MANURE.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

While riding along through the country, not long since, I was astonished to see the streams of liquid manure running from the cow yards. Upon riding along by a yard that had one side next to the road, I was again astonished to see how the yard was enclosed. It had around it for an enclosure a post and rail fence, or rather post and no rail fence. There were eight or nine panels of fence on the south side of the yard next to the road, and in these eight or nine panels there were about as many rails! The yard had a beautiful grade to the south; there had just been a heavy shower which completely saturated the yard through and through. The farmer, if I may call him a *farmer*, had taken the trouble to dig a ditch along the south side of the yard to collect the liquid manure. There were, I should judge, between twenty and thirty hogsheads of this liquid manure in the ditch by the yard. Happening to see one of my neighbors a short distance from where I was, I rode up to him, and entered into conversation. While I was talking about various topics of one sort and another, who should I see but the farmer I have mentioned, with pick and shovel in hand, go to the ditch of liquid manure and stop and look at it.

Now, thought I, I will learn something about farming. He walked back and forth once or twice along the ditch as if he were looking to find some convenient spot to place some sort of machinery or other. The thought at once occurred to me that he was going to make a cistern, and draw the contents out of that ditch into it; then sink a hydraulic ram by the cistern, and so force the liquid up to the rear of his yard into a tank, and then have it ready to flow on his yard when needed.

About this time he had got ready to go to work, and began to pick away pretty smartly on the opposite side of the road. He soon cut a ditch across the road. Just as he spitted out the last spade full, away went the liquid manure down the ditch where he commenced digging. And thus in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes went the whole of that invaluable essence down into the brook, and so on to the river.

When it had got nearly drained out I walked up to the farmer, and he commenced, in a strain of self-gratulation, by saying that he had got rid of a nuisance by digging that ditch across the road and letting that *pest* run into the brook.

"Why, farmer," said I, "why don't you build a stone wall along the front side of your yard, and keep the liquid in the yard?" "Ah," said he, "keep the liquid manure in my yard. Why, it's nothing more nor less than *rain*. Didn't it rain yesterday over at your house as well as in my yard? and where ought the rain to go to if not into the brook? As to building a wall, do you suppose (drawling out his words very slowly,) that I am going to the expense of building a stone wall all along my yard for the sake of keeping the rain and all the bad odor in the yard? No, sir, not a bit of it, I want my cattle to have a dry yard to sleep in." "That's all well enough," I replied, "but why not put a wall around your yard, and put gutters to your barn and let the water run in a cistern; and fill in your yard with muck, leaves, weeds, or almost anything else that you can get a hold of, instead of letting the very heart of your manures run into the brook and waste?" "I expend enough money for guano," he returned, "let alone my putting a wall around my yard, and all other fixtures, which you have just been talking about. I bought last season a ton of guano, 10 hundred of Peruvian, and 10 hundred of that Potosi guano, I believe they call it." "Well, what benefit did you receive from your Potosi guano?" I asked. "None at all," he replied. "It was nothing more or less than a humbug. I was foolish enough to go to the expense of seventeen dollars for half a ton of that charcoal dust and a little brook land mixed together." "Why, farmer," said I, "did you give seventeen dollars for guano, and get nothing in return for the money expended?" "I did that very thing," he answered, "and as I told you before I was a fool for my pains." "Where did you put it, farmer?" said I. "I sowed it on a piece of wheat then in the orchard. And to be very precise about the matter I left one piece of land in the middle of the field without any on it." "Well," said I, "I suppose you did not cut that at all, did you?" "Didn't cut that?" he returned, "why that was about the only one that was worth cutting." "Well, farmer," I remarked, "I think you can safely call that guano a wheat exterminator?" "Yes," said he, "and if any man ever offered me any more, if I had a gun I'd shoot him."

"What building is that yonder, farmer, by the brook?" I asked. "Why, sir, that's my hog-pen." "I guess I'll go over and look at your hogs if you have no objections." "Very well, sir, I'll go with you." So over to the pen we went. The first thing I saw were the hogs, (or rather *frames*) which were huddled up on a floor, near about half knee deep in manure, squealing, and I took for granted, by the looks of the pen, that they squealed for a living. Upon looking on the outside of the pen there was a heap of manure within about ten feet of the brook. "There," said he, "is where I lost one of my pigs the last shower we had. The ground being higher on the side next to the brook; when it rained I found a puddle, and the pig fell in and got drowned. But I think I have remedied the evil now, so that I will not lose any more in the future. Come around, neighbor, and see how I have fixed it." Around I went, and how do you suppose it was fixed? Why, filled up with leaves, weeds, muck, and such like to prevent the rain from collecting together, and forming a pool to soak off into the ground and waste. No, not a bit of it. No leaves had been collected from around the fences, nor from the door yards, and thrown in there; no weeds had been mown at all—it was too much trouble, so they were suffered to go to seed. No muck had been collected from the roadside or from any low stagnant places: this was too much like work. None of these things had been done, but I'll tell you what *had* been done; *he had dug a ditch to let escape the nauseous smell*, and to let gallon after gallon of the best of manure escape in a liquid form, into the brook!

"How much poultry have you, farmer?" I asked. "I've got enough," said he, "I've got forty fowls, ten turkeys, and six ducks." "I suppose you get almost any quantity of eggs through the winter, don't you?" "No," said he, "I don't believe I got two dozen eggs all last winter." "Why, is it possible, farmer; you must have a very lazy sort of hens. Where is your hen house?" "W-e-l-l, I have not got any yet," he answered; "I've been a going to build one these six or seven years, but somehow or other I have not got it done yet." "Where do your hens roost?" I asked. "Well, almost any where," said he; "they roost through the summer on an apple tree near the house, and in winter around the sheds, or any other *convenient* place they can find." "What is it that smells so?" said I. "Well, I suppose that it is the hen roost," said he. "Suppose we go where your hens roost," I continued. "Very well," said he. Over the fence we climbed, and were soon at the hen roost, and such a place it was I never want to see again. There lay on the ground exposed to sun, wind and rain the droppings of the hens the past half generation. Load after load every year running away, filling the air with unwholesome odors. Dollar after dollar swiftly gliding away, whereas if swept up carefully every week and put in a barrel with a sprinkling of plaster between every layer, two barrels would manure an acre of corn, and do as much good as a mixture of ⅞ sand and a little Peruvian guano to give it a scent, and make it the *real genuine article*; and a little charcoal dust or soot to make it appear black, and pass for No. 1 Potosi guano! How strange it is that any farmer will let waste manure of any sort, the way I have here described. But it is not more strange than true. How farmers let their yards lie exposed to the sun, rain and wind, never once stopping, as it were, to reason about the matter, letting all the water *that falls on their barns, hovels, and very often all that falls on their fields, run through their* yards, and so waste in one form and another. No person is the better off for all this, but, on the contrary, worse by being compelled to inhale the ammonia which fills all the neighboring air. Yes, and what is stranger than all the rest, they will throw away their own manure, from nothing but negligence, or want of care; and go and pay a lot of city suckers three or three and a quarter dollars per hundred for Peruvian guano, which is often half damaged and of little or no use!

Last fall, about this time, there was a new patent fertilizer, called Potosi guano. All you had to do was to plough the ground, harrow lightly, sow your wheat, sow the patent Potosi guano, and oh! what crops of wheat you were to realize from it!

Everybody seemed to be crazy for the precious article, for said they, if we put on three hundred per acre, we will no doubt have from twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. The demand was very great, some bought a ton, some half a ton, and the most of them from six to eight hundred. There is a true saying, for every foolish head there is a wise one; and I think some of them have found it out, that bought that Potosi guano last fall. Yes, as I said before, everybody seemed to be crazy last fall, and dollar after dollar given to a set of fellows, to fill their pockets out of the farmers' witless heads; whereas, if half the money expended for that *Humbug* had been expended in putting walls around yards, gutters on the barns, drawing leaves, and clearing out brooks, how much better would the farmer have been!

Who will believe it? Who will believe one word I say? It is impossible to drum it into their heads! But only mention to them about some new *patent manure* and they seem to be crazy. How many farmers will go fifteen or twenty miles for *Brookland Charcoal Dust*, and pay out money for it? If they would only stop one minute to reason about the matter, they would soon perceive, unless their skulls are thicker than a beetle, that coal dust can be had without paying 1¾ cents per pound for it, and that they can get sand cheaper than $35 per ton. Yet it is so, and is likely to be so, as long as there is so much neglect in some parts of the country with manure. How much I have seen around people's houses lie there, week after week, smelling every time there came a little rain, as though the pig sty was in the door yard. That's nothing; home made manure is not so good to the minds of some people as the *patent article!* Yes, farmer, you work hard enough to make money, and do make it, I have no doubt; but do you know how to keep it? It is not to lay up every red cent you get in an iron chest locked up, and tightly barred, nor to lay out a hundred dollars a year for any of the patent manures. If you don't know how to keep your money, I'll tell you one way, (don't tell your neighbors the secret,) that is to scratch or hoe up any and every thing that will fertilize, manage your yards so that no liquid manure will escape in any form whatever, which can be done by always keeping on hand plenty of straw or muck to throw into the yard any time if a puddle collects, and never let manure lie exposed to the sun through the months of summer.

And lastly but not leastly, lime your land well every four years, and bid good-bye to the patent manures; lime heavily, plough deeply, and attend to your own business; and when your locks are white with age, you can say with a cheerful smile, "When I was young I attended to my own business, but now I am old my business attends to me."

A Jersey Farmer.

[Note. As to what our correspondent says of saving the manure made about the farm, we agree with him perfectly, and also have no doubt that patent manures are often patent humbugs—but, on the other hand, that farmers can often use to very great profit more manure than they can make at home, and that it is often more economical to haul guano, poudrette, &c., than stable manure, many able farmers will, we think, consider undeniable.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Raising Turkeys.—I propose giving my mode of raising turkeys. It is my opinion that farmers can raise a pound of fowl easier and cheaper than a pound of pork. Heretofore I have been unfortunate in raising turkeys, but this season I adopted a different mode—a plan of my own invention—by which I have been very successful. Others may have adopted the same course, but not to my knowledge.

Young turkeys are apt to die before they attain the age of three weeks. I came to the conclusion that the fatality among them was caused by vermin, heavy feed, and cold, damp weather. My method this season has been this: Take the eggs of the first laying, and set under hens; the second laying let the turkeys hatch. Two or three days before hatching, sprinkle the nest and the fowls themselves with sulphur. When the young were hatched, I took a little sulphur, gunpowder and lard, mixed, and greased their heads and necks to keep off the vermin while the young brooded. If it does not remain on, in eight or ten days put on another coat.

Mode of Feeding.—I took equal quantities of wheat bran and Indian meal, and wet with sour milk, or lappered milk, with a good lot of fine-cut schives once in two or three days in with it, and feed them till a month or six weeks old; then lessen the bran. Feed them early in the morning to keep them from rambling in the dew.

Such has been my method of feeding and management, and I have lost only two out of forty hatched. Ducks managed in the same way—lost three by accidental causes out of thirty-five hatched. One, only, died while young. Chickens in like manner, with greased heads and sulphured nests—lost three in about sixty. This is my mode and my success.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Newly Foundered Horses.—Having had considerable experience with foundered horses, I will give a condensed account of one case through your paper. When but a youngster, and inexperienced, I drove a horse rather hard, and perhaps gave him water too soon, and fed rye bran at night. Whether it was the water, the hard driving or the unaccustomed feed that *stiffened the horse, I am unable to say; but in the morning he fell in coming out of the stable,* and was unable to use his limbs. I called a horse-farrier, who said he could cure the horse, but should keep secret what he did unless I would give him ten dollars for the knowledge of his mode of treatment. I told him if he cured the horse I would give him a private receipt that was valued at fifty dollars, that would be very beneficial in his business. This he accepted, and went to work. He first gave the horse all the salt he would eat, saying that if he did not eat freely he should dissolve some and turn it down. He next bled in the warts upon the forward legs, having peeled them down thin and oiled them. The bleeding was performed by my holding up one foot, while he pinched the wart upon the other leg with his thumb and finger, then running a small, sharp knife-blade into the middle of the wart and up under the skin and upper part of the wart, about one inch and a half, taking care not to touch the inside skin over the bone. He did the same to both legs. There was but little blood came from either. We next commenced rubbing the legs and moving the horse about, and as soon as he thought he would not fall we put him before the wagon and started off upon the road. As soon as he began to warm up he improved rapidly, and by the time he had gone six or eight miles he went as well as ever he did, and never after showed any signs of founder.—*Cor. of New England Farmer.*

Cherry Trees.—Professor Kirtland, at the late late meeting of the Ohio Pomological Society, suggested that cherry trees would bear better were their stems protected from the sun. He had noticed that a row of trees shaded by an Osage Orange hedge had proved better growers than those exposed to the sun's glance. Does not this experience suggest that we trim cherry trees too high up, and that the true protection is the foliage of their own branches.

The Way the Message Went.—The imagination is baffled when it tries to picture the journey which the message made. When it left London evening had already come; but it overtook and passed the shadow of the earth, as if that were but a creeping snail, though making daily the circuit of the globe; it darted through the green valleys of England, over Scotch mountains, down beneath the Channel to the Irish coast, thence through Ulster and Connaught and Munster to the shore of the Atlantic. Here it dived beneath the ocean, deeper than the Valley of Chamouni stands, below the summit of Mont Blanc, passing under great ships of commerce and of war, and in an instant arose at the cliffs of Newfoundland; then, quicker than thought, it passed over the morasses and mountains to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; then on through the Gulf, through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the Eastern States to our own doors.

☞ As two children were playing together, one—little Jane—got angry, and pouted. Johnny said to her:—"Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 22, 4, 8, 14, was a king of Thebes killed by his son Edipus.
My 2, 10, 20, 22, is a river in Germany.
My 3, 6, 17, 19, 22, was a goddess of infants.
My 4, 6, 22, 22, 15, was an ancient patriarch.
My 5, 10, 18, 22, 25, was a distinguished Indian chief.
My 6, 22, 1, 13, 14, was the goddess of health.
My 7, 18, 2, 19, 10, was an English comedian.
My 8, 11, 12, 15, 22, is a town in the United States.
My 9, 10, 20, is a river in Germany.
My 10, 12, 20, 24, 25, was the first king of the Assyrians.
My 11, 22, 21, 23, 22, 1, 5, 6, was a king of Paphlagonia who, for serving up to table the limbs of his son Phelops to try the divinity of the gods, was plunged to the chin in a lake of hell, and doomed to everlasting thirst and hunger, for his barbarity and impiety.
My 12, 17, 18, 22, is a town in Spain
My 13, 11, 4, 1, is an island belonging to Mexico.
My 14, 22, 1, 1, 13, 25, 23, 19, 2, 6, was a Roman historian.
My 15, 22, 11, 2, 1, 1, 5, 6, was a Roman poet.
My 16, 22, 18, 9, 14, 22, is a town in Italy.
My 17, 24, 19, 11, 25, is a town in France.
My 18, 1, 22, 10, is a lake in Scandinavia.
My 19, 1, 5, 6, was the son of Troas and Calirhoe from whom Troy was called Ilium.
My 20, 9, 1, 13, 25, was the ancient name for a river of Egypt.
My 21, 12, 14, 19, is a town in Italy.
My 22, 3, 4, 6, was a Sicilian shepherd killed by Polyphemus, because he rivalled him in the affections of Galatea.
My 23, 19, 11, 22, 10, was the son of Coelum and Terra, and brother of Saturn.
My 24, 1, 1, 22, is a river in Italy.
My 25, 22, 17, 18, 8, 14, was the god of the Sabines.

My whole was a distinguished Roman General.

CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 4, 5, 17, is an esculent plant.
My 2, 17, 6, 7, 8, 3, 18, is a lady's name.
My 18, 5, 17, 7, 9, is the seat of life.
My 10, 11, 5, is used by miners.
My 14, 10, 6, 1, is a structure.
My 12, 13, 15, denotes the person addressed.
My 3, 17, 6, is the organ of hearing.

My whole is one of the territories.

New York. FRANK YOUNG.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sportsman starts at early dawn,
And takes his dogs and gun,
And through the forest and o'er the lawn,
He quickly hastens on.
A flock of birds flies in the air,
He lifts his gun and aims;
And then a sound so loud and clear,
Tells that my first he claims

He now walks on with rapid pace,
The scattered birds alight;
And then my second is the place
On which he keeps his sight;
For on it he has often searched
For various kinds of game,
And from the trees on which they perched
Has often shot the same.

The sportsman sees the setting sun,
And thinks it's time to go,
Though for my whole he's walked and run,
Still he has none to show.
If now you change my first, and take
And set it as you ought,
A snare with it you'll surely make,
With which my whole is caught.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A well-known large and savage beast,
2. A noted river of the east,
3. A King of England—not the least.

The initials will bring the right solution,—
A hero of the Revolution.

GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Erase my 1, 2, and 5, and transpose, and I am used by woodmen.

Erase my 3 and 5, and I am a favorite among old ladies.

Erase my 1 and 2, and transpose, and I am a body of water.

Erase my 2 and 5, and transpose, and I am detested by the poor of Europe.

Erase my 3rd, and transpose, and I am one of the cardinal points.

My whole is one of the United States.

Delhi, Ill. DAY BOOK.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain right angled triangle, whose perimeter measures 320 perches. The difference in the two sides forming the right angle is 40 perches. Required the area of that triangle?

AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that from which, when the whole is taken, some will still remain? Ans.—The word wholesome.

☞ What is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? Ans.—The one gathers what he sows, and the other sews what she gathers.

☞ Why is mist the poetry of nature? Ans.—Because when it falls upon the earth and freezes, it forms rime.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Oh, Liberty, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" ENIGMA—Disgrace is a bad bird no cage can hold. CHARADE—Garden. CHARADE—Bunker Hill. (Bunk-er-hill). CHARADE—Pig-tail. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—Perpendicular 777 perches; base 1,036 perches; hypothenuse 1,295 perches.